The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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AN OLD HORSESHOE FOR LUCK.

Omens of Good and Bad Luck.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
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For the Week Ending
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"The Mirror of Life" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used. All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to Ned Holske, Editor, The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining The Mirror of Life regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. T. (Cardiff).—The Mirror of Life is sold by all newsagents. If you experience any difficulty in procuring a copy every Wednesday, send us the name of your newsagent.

H. E. C. (Birmingham).—We have no portrait such as you require.

Inquirer.—The Gentleman Jack Company will exhibit in Dublin shortly.

F. (Liverpool).—Your notification came too late.

S. (Sunderland).—Will respond in detail by mail.

W. N. (Bristol).—"Chalk" don't sell "tips." He writes exclusively for us.

Reader (Stepney).—Portrait will appear later.

Turfite.—Mr. T. Worton owns Victor Wild. No; he did not back the horse heavily when it won.

Subscriber (Newmarket).—The portrait of Cannon will shortly appear.

To give a fair estimate of the uncertainties of horse racing, we take for an illustration the Royal Hunt Cup. Mr. T. Worton was uncertain as to the probability of his horse starting up to noon on the day of the race, and his closest friends were not aware that Victor Wild was in anything like first-class form. Mr. Worton himself is only credited with having a £1000 to 15 about his favourite steed and had he and his friends anticipated victory for Victor Wild, the animal would have gone to the post well backed. Fifty-to-one shots seldom come off, and particularly with the owner's admirers possessing a lack of confidence.

* * *

All London will turn out on Saturday to witness the opening ceremonies of the great Tower Bridge, which, from a technical point of view, is one of the most conspicuous structures of modern times. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will perform the opening ceremonies.

The sentence passed upon Ellen Gillespie, late nurse of the Hackney Pauper Schools, is a well-merited one, and should serve as a warning for others filling a similar capacity. Barbarity is well enough in uncivilised territories without resorting to such practices in a community such as ours. Children, poverty-stricken through misfortune, are to be pitied and not abused.

* * *

Peter Jackson and James J. Corbett appear to have sunk into oblivion the past week. Gentleman Jack continues on his tour in the country where he declines to do battle—England—whilst Jackson, who is ready and willing to fight here, remains on a foreign shore. We presume both are merely taking a breathing spell, each in hopes of inventing a scheme to replenish their stock of newspaper warfare.

* * *

Bob Fitzsimmons had Joe Choynski whipped to a standstill in five rounds, in Boston, the other night. Choynski gave Corbett the hardest battle of his life. Both were novices, and both have since improved in their fistic abilities. Is not the lanky Bob, him as was born in Cornwall, entitled to a hearing with Corbett? If actual fighting form tells, then Bob is the best man in the world to-day regardless of size or colour.

* * *

The knights of the razor have finally consented to decide the shaving championship in July. James Rymer, the Mile-end marvel, Tom Steele, the Stepney wonder, and Peter Moss, the Continental champion, each feel confident of winning The Mirror of Life trophy. The trio mean an honest shaving contest, and not mountebank business.

* * *

Before the week is out the Yale team of athletes will have reached here and started in training. If the Oxford team enter the field in good condition, the Yankee collegians will return to the States sadder and wiser young men. We can see no possible chance of their beating our men in the series of games to be contested.

* * *

Yacht racing will be quite a feature of this season's sport, and no dobut the races between the *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* will be looked forward to with much interest both sides of the Atlantic. It is hardly probable the captain of the *Vigilant* will find the water on this side of the big pond as smooth as it is on the other side; and if the craft can show its stern to our yachts we will then acknowledge that Americans are ahead of us in constructing fast boats.

* * *

John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion pugilist, is a strong believer in temperance so far as others are concerned, and has therefore been endeavouring of late to consume the supply of liquor in Boston himself. He doesn't believe in wasting the precious stuff, but keeps his tank well filled. He was, the other night, presented with a bottle, on the skull, by a physician, but a few stitches soon stopped the blood from flowing and closed up the wound.

* * *

The circulation of The Mirror of Life took another substantial advance last week. As the lads say, "we are fairly in the swim" now, and propose making a struggle to advance still further to the front. For a journal just six months old the success scored has been a phenomenal one. The Mirror of Life fills a long-felt want. We propose to continue improving The Mirror of Life so as to meet every requirement of a thorough sport-loving public.

* * *

If you feel tired and careworn read the "Sporting Anecdotes" and "Kicks from the Editor" in this issue, and if, after you have perused both, you don't feel greatly refreshed then we shall be surprised. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The paragraphs we mention comprise the play you most require. They are founded on facts, are of an amusing nature, and most decidedly readable to all classes—at least we think so.

Hodman: "I hear Edison's discovered a scheme for doing away with sleep."

Trowels: "Hush! For goodness' sake, don't let the boss hear about it, or he'll be having us work twenty-four hours a day."

"YOU CAUSED FATHER'S DEATH."

A Son Who Accused a Sister of Causing the Death of a Parent.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It is a true saying that 'one half of the people knows not how the other half exist. A pathetic scene was recently enacted at the funeral of a prominent business man which will forever leave an indelible impression on the minds of the mourners. It appears a young girl, becoming weary of domestic surroundings, sought a life before the footlights and pleadings for her return by her parent proved in vain. The waywardness of the girl proved a thorn in the side of the father who, after a prolonged spell of illness, died. The girl attended the funeral and pretended to be very much grieved over the loss of her father, whom she was about to kiss whilst lying in the coffin; but her brother objected to her imprinting a kiss upon the cold lips, exclaiming, "You caused father's death; don't pollute his lips by touching them, but return to the life you have sought to follow. We have no use for music-hall performers in a Christian household." The scene which followed was quite a pathetic one, the young man declining to be reconciled, so great was his grief.

WANTED A SQUARE DEAL.

A Miner's Method of forcing a Gambler to Honest Play.

(Subject of Illustration.)

If you go to most any of the western cities in the United States where gambling tables are licensed, you will see the rules of the house posted in bold letters upon the wall. Those who enter to play are usually requested to deposit their firearms at the bar before commencing play, because it has a tendency to avoid many deaths when an argument arises. The men who conduct the gambling rooms are content to deal an honest game and accept the percentage in their favour, as the advantage over the player. In faro bank the game has the advantage of splits, and that alone, and forcing the player to do the guessing is sufficient for any man who wants to run an honest game. There is no such thing in those parts as playing with a trick box, or dealing the odd card, and those who are accustomed to a wild and rough existence study the game so close that any effort on the part of the dealer to act dishonestly would readily be detected. A party of sports in St. Louis were surprised the other night at the entrance of a thoroughbred Western man into a faro bank. He played case cards to a limit for two runs of the cards, and when the bets were placed at the start of the third run out of the box, the miner threw down a fifty dollar note on the Jack to win, and drawing a huge dirk knife with the right hand, he informed the dealer that the cards had best be pulled fairly from the box if he placed a value upon his life. The dealer pulled the cards till the miner had retrieved his losses, and then declared the bank closed for the night. The other sports present, on seeing the turn of affairs, complained bitterly over their losses, and declared that the place would not be allowed to continue as a gaming room.

NURSE GILLESPIE SENTENCED.

At Essex Assizes at Chelmsford, June 20, Ella Gillespie pleaded guilty to several charges of cruelty to children at Hackney Union Training Schools at Brentwood.

Mr. Avory, who prosecuted for the guardians, gave several instances of the nurse's brutal conduct to children and babies. He said it had been going on for many years.

The Judge (surprised): How many?

Counsel: Since 1868 at least.

The Judge: Then it took eight years to discover this systematic brutality. (Sensation.)

Counsel said the infants were afraid to complain, and secondly that prisoner was on the best of terms with the matron.

The Judge: It is impossible to believe that such systematic cruelty could have gone on without not only the officials knowing of it, but also the authorities over the institution, who had full opportunities of becoming acquainted with the facts. It is no use making excuses for its not being discovered. Turning to the prisoner, the judge said it was one of the grossest cases of cruelty and misconduct in the discharge of an important public duty with which he had ever had to deal. He hoped the revelations would tend to induce those in authority over our public institutions to exercise some little care, conscientiousness, and diligence in the discharge of the extremely important duties they so lightly assumed and so slothfully discharged. He hoped that a thorough and most searching inquiry would be made into the whole of this melancholy business. Prisoner would be sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Wife (excitedly): "Did you marry me for a slave?"

Husband (placidly): "Yes, for myself."

* * *

Husband: "Where in thunder did you get that coat? It fits you like a potato sack."

Wife (delighted): "Does it really, dear? I was so afraid it wouldn't be quite up to the style."

* * *

"How do you like your new watch-dog?"

Bragg: "He's first-class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs, he just crawls under the bed.

* * *

"The landlord has put up the rent on the family that have the second flat."

"Is there anything wrong with them?"

"He thinks so. They have never complained about anything."

* * *

Bessie: "Did you have a nice moonlight drive with Charlie last night?"

Jessie: "It was lovely. He is such a good all-around man."

* * *

The Wife: "John, you're intoxicated. How did you find your way home?"

The Husband: "Darling, your bright eyes would light me home if I were twish's full's am now."

* * *

The herald bowed low.

"I have come," he announced, "to pay court."

His majesty turned to the lord chamberlain.

"I told you," his royal highness hoarsely whispered, "your salaries would be taken care of."

* * *

The Pastor: "And where is your father this Sabbath, my boy?"

Young Hopeful: "Gone fishing."

The Pastor: "Ah, my boy, I do not believe you father fears the Lord."

Young Hopeful: "O, I guess he does—he took his revolver along."

* * *

"Dibbles has cured his wife of going through his pockets."

"Great Cæsar!.. You don't mean it! Was it difficult to do?"

"No; very simple. Had all his clothes made without any."

* * *

The question of debts is a paradox great
Few persons can true understand,
For when they're contracted, strange to relate,
They certainly larger expand.

* * *

Husband: "This is such poor gas."

Wife: "You never complained of it before we were married."

* * *

"Brevity may be the soul of wit," muttered Penner, sadly searching his pockets in vain for the price of a beer, "but I'll be blamed if I can see any fun in being short."

* * *

Hills: "Young Dr. Sharke achieved great success with his first case—a most difficult one."

Hulls: "Brought the patient 'round, eh?"

"No; the patient died. But the post-mortem showed that the doctor's diagnosis was entirely correct."

* * *

Mr. Flatthouse: "That upright piano next door will drive me crazy."

Mrs. Flatthouse: "How do you know it is an upright piano?"

Mr. Flatthouse: Because it never plays anything but hymn tunes."

* * *

The Idiot: "I don't seem to have made a deep impwession on you, Miss Smilers."

Miss Smilers: "Indeed you have!"

The Idiot: "Therefore I may hope?"

Miss Smilers: "Therefore you need not hope at all."

* * *

Doctor: "Madam, I find that your daughter has pneumonia in its worst form."

Mrs. Nurich: "Well, I don't see how it can be; we've money enough to get the best kind there is to be had."

* * *

Head Bookkeeper: "We have a new baby at our house, sir, and are thinking of naming him after you?"

Proprietor: "Wouldn't you rather have me increase your salary?"

* * *

The Rev. Dr.: "Well, what on earth do you want?"

Traveller: "Can't you marry us through the window? The old man isn't two miles behind.

* * *

Towne: "I hear that Boreum played the part of a court jester in your private theatricals. How did he do?"

Howson Lott (in disgust): "Oh, he made a fool of himself, of course, and everybody."

* * *

She: "I have got four new wrinkles in my face since I married you."

He: "Too bad! I presume it comes from worrying over milliner's bills which I can't pay."

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

He Gave us a "Nannygote."—While we were in the thick of our work the other day a navvy walked into our office, unannounced, and exclaimed, "'Ere you, I wants to see the cove wots writes the nannygotes for The Mirror of Life." We told him we wrote the whole paper, swept out the office every day, cleaned the spit boxes, cut up the stubs of the bosses cigars to smoke in our pipe, emptied out the slop bucket, mixed the paste and occasionally polished the shoes of the "bloke" that pays the bills. Our time was therefore limited, and what he had to say must be said quickly; we were always ready to steal jokes or other people's brains, and would not turn our back on a well filled purse. "Well," he says, "I backs a man as calls himself a fighter for ten bob, and the minute I puts up der silver I could see it was 'dickey.' The joker as I backs goes up, gets a welt in his blooming potato trap with der left duke. 'E puts back his 'ead, and afore 'e knows it bang comes the right on his jaw. 'E lays down on der floor, first picking a soft spot to go down kinder easy like, and while der 'cove' wot holds der ticker is counting off der ten seconds, my joker bobs his 'ead up, and strike me if 'e dont ask if der ten seconds ain't most up. Now can't you see the joke, you blooming idiot?"

He looked so fierce, and worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement, that we were forced to laugh for self-protection.

* * *

Economy is Wealth.—When we were told to demand the return of our copy after it was set up by the compositors, we little dreamt we would be forced to cross through it and then write fresh copy on the reverse side, because paper is pretty cheap. But such is nevertheless a fact. It saves half-a-crown a month, and in a year that would sum up to thirty bob, and in fifty years it would mean a clean saving of £75. We thought that economy would end at that; but it don't, so if you see us flying through Fleet Street in the afternoon shouting "winners" or standing about Ludgate Circus at ten o'clock in the morning calling out "murder," you will know that a new law prevails in our sanctum. We shall have a good variety, but only a copy of each paper. We have to purchase our papers at 4 a.m. and then read them through for news. We get them at wholesale price. After we have read through the papers and stole all the news, we have to go on the streets and sell them. Our afternoon papers we dispose of the same way, so we steal the news and make a profit on the papers too. Time is no object and we are liable to be seen at our office any hour of night or day. Our boss says he knows how to reduce economy to a science, and We begin to believe he tells the truth.

We Are the Butt for Everybody. It appears strange to us that everyone we meet must direct a blow at us. If we fall against an acquaintance he salutes us with a thump on our chest. When we ask for admission to a theatre or club room the managers can't resist the temptation of landing the right foot in our seat. When we were young we used to put a book against our chest and button up our coat. We would dare the lads to punch us there, and once satisfied their desires. Our mother displayed her affection by placing us across her knees, face downwards, and then exercised her right arm, but we soon had a book to put there, and ever afterwards mother nursed a sprained wrist. For safety we have a chest protector made of sheet-iron, and now several of our friends have broken knuckles. We put a similar contrivance on our posterior and marched boldly up to a club-room to seek admission last night. We laid for the manager. We knew what was coming, and he didn't disappoint us. After telling us hurriedly to get out, we turned our back to him and waited for what was to come. It came, too, and how that fellow did grab his right foot and hop around was a caution. We could see the tears come to his eyes, and when we met him the next day he actually walked lame, besides he was forced to get partial support from a heavy walking-stick. We soon dodged out of sight till he got past us.

* * *

We Pawn our Clothes—Some of our neighbours wonder why we go about looking so ragged all the week and on Sunday we are dressed like swell folk. That's where clever brain work comes in. We purchased a suit of clothes on the easy payment system a long time ago, and we are supposed to pay so much a week on them. On Monday we find our money is all gone, so we have to pawn our clothes to get enough to live on for the week. On Saturday we redeem our "togs," so we can make the neighbours look upon us with envy, and how we do enjoy their discomfiture! We just parade up and down the street till our feet fairly burn, and then go to church. We go in after the sermon starts, so everybody will look at us, and for fear someone of the congregation has not had a good survey of our manly form—and good clothes, we stand close to the curb and start coughing in a peculiar manner, so none can pass without being attracted. We cut quite a dash in our neighbourhood, and propose to continue in our good work, too.

* * *

We Decline with Thanks.—We have received a letter from one of our friends asking for our photograph, so it can be placed in with a collection of noted people. We shall have to decline the honour, though we fully appreciate the good intention. We sat for a portrait in Sydney once, and never knew why the photographer never completed his contract, till a year or so ago we called upon one in London, and the moment we gazed into the camera the lens dropped upon the floor. A glance at the photographer turned him deathly ill, and, in fact, about everything we saw lost all its lustre after our face was turned full on the object. No, we can't be photographed, because our face is too hard, and while we believe we possess a pleasant countenance, no man ever graces us with more than one social call. Even in a railway carriage the people leave the compartment immediately we enter, and let us drop into a theatre the performance falls flat. We are not repulsive, by any means, but a face capable of cutting the drops of rain that fall is hardly fit to be exposed in a collection of prominent people. Perhaps we could disguise ourselves and alleviate much suffering in that way, but we oppose anything artificial in this world, hence those who chance to come in contact with us must suffer the consequences.

* * *

He Wants a Revolver.—The son of one of our dearest friends has written us requesting that we ask his father to purchase him a revolver. The old man objects on the ground that the lad will accidentally shoot himself, and he is not over anxious to have a funeral in the family. We shall write the old man at once and tell him to purchase a revolver at the earliest possible moment. We are alive to the fact that there is an over-production in the human race, and lads should therefore be encouraged to play with such implements. We have a son, but he is too cunning to ask for such a toy; if he did, we should not lose a moment in satisfying his desires. We don't like funerals, neither do we relish an ever-production of the human race. Of the two evils, which is the best to chose? Get him the revolver at once; delays are dangerous, particularly in such cases.

* * *

Table Etiquette.—We try to make things comfortable and agreeable for everyone, but somehow we are continually baulked in our good intentions. We are getting accustomed to an abundance of talk at home, so that unless it comes too strong we accept all that is said in silence. Our theory is that the best way to get a woman enraged and indignant is to apparently take no notice of what is said, and she will quickly get too mad to talk. If there is one thing we dislike more than another it is to receive a lecture while we are masticating our food. Sunday, at our house, is the banner day of the week, because we do have a substantial dinner on the Sabbath. During the progress of our dinner, Sunday, our wife opened upon us about table etiquette, and you may rest assured the food tasted queer in consequence. We acknowledge that we convey the food to our mouth with our knife, and why shouldn't we? Can't you get more at one time on your knife than on a fork? Besides, we can keep our fork in play to comb our moustache with. It is excellent for that purpose, and it also makes a good tooth-pick because there are four points, and you can, by using the fork, pick four teeth at one time. In eating soup nothing beats a fork for dragging the particles off the moustache, and it saves the trouble of sticking your tongue out about a yard. In the absence of a napkin we utilise the tablecloth; and that, too, our wife objects to. We don't profess to be perfect, and like to go the easiest way about everything; but, unfortunately, our wife will insist upon our putting on a lot of high-faluting ways, and when she starts talking its all over for an hour at least. No; you can't feign sleep, because she won't have it.

* * *

On the Wrong Side of the Street.—You can write complimentary notices about people for years and nothing is ever said to you; in fact you get no credit for lying week in and week out. Just tell the truth once, and it looks so scurrilous in their eyes that they are for ever afterwards your mortal enemy. We spoke a little truth the other day about a certain prize-fighter, and whilst walking through the East End we were attacked in a merciless manner. We are now sporting a split lip and a pair of black eyes; but it's all right; we acknowledged our error. We walked on the wrong side of the way. Now, you thick-eared bulldog specimen of humanity, we shall tell more truth. We never said you have spent much of your time at the Scrubbs; we never said you borrowed purses at racecourses; neither have we ever intimated that your father got penal servitude, and that you got married so you wouldn't have to work. We know you from your boyhood days, when you thought it smart to swipe coppers from children sent out to do shopping. We'll see you presented with the same as your father got, and when the trick comes off how we shall show you up!

HOW CAMERA FIENDS WERE BALKED.

A Couple who Defied the Amateur Photographer when Love-making.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The recent spell of pleasant weather has been the means of bringing out all the amateur camera fiends who go about the country armed with a Kodack to photograph everything of interest. One of their delights is to get views of young couples in love-making scenes. Near Windsor the other day four hove in sight armed with instruments, and came across a couple who, to spoil their chance of a snap shot placed four umbrellas about them. The trio tried every way possible to get a snap-shot view, but to no avail.

"CONFESS YOUR SINS."

How a Trio of Girls Found Out a Young Man's Faults.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Young men can't be too careful nowadays because the fair sex are liable to resort to many inconceivable ways to ascertain if the men are as good as they profess to be. A certain young man residing at a hotel in the suburbs has recently kept late hours, and he claimed that business frequently detained him in the city till midnight. He was paying attention to one of the lady boarders and she, being suspicious of his movements, enlisted the confidence of two of her friends, who, on entering his apartments the other evening, wrote upon the wall, "Confess your sins," drawing directly beneath it a skull and crossbones, with sulphur. When the victim retired that night he discarded his clothing hastily and entered the bed. On turning over for a night's repose his attention was attracted to the wall. The sulphur marks displayed rather a lurid light, and he became so frightened that he got out of bed, and, dropping to his knees, indulged in prayer, confessing his misconduct, to the delight of the listeners outside of his door.

He has promised better behaviour in future, and he retires at an early hour now.

THEY KEPT HIM IN MISERY.

A Couple Who Rejoiced over a Clerk's Uncomfortable Position.

(Subject of Illustration.)

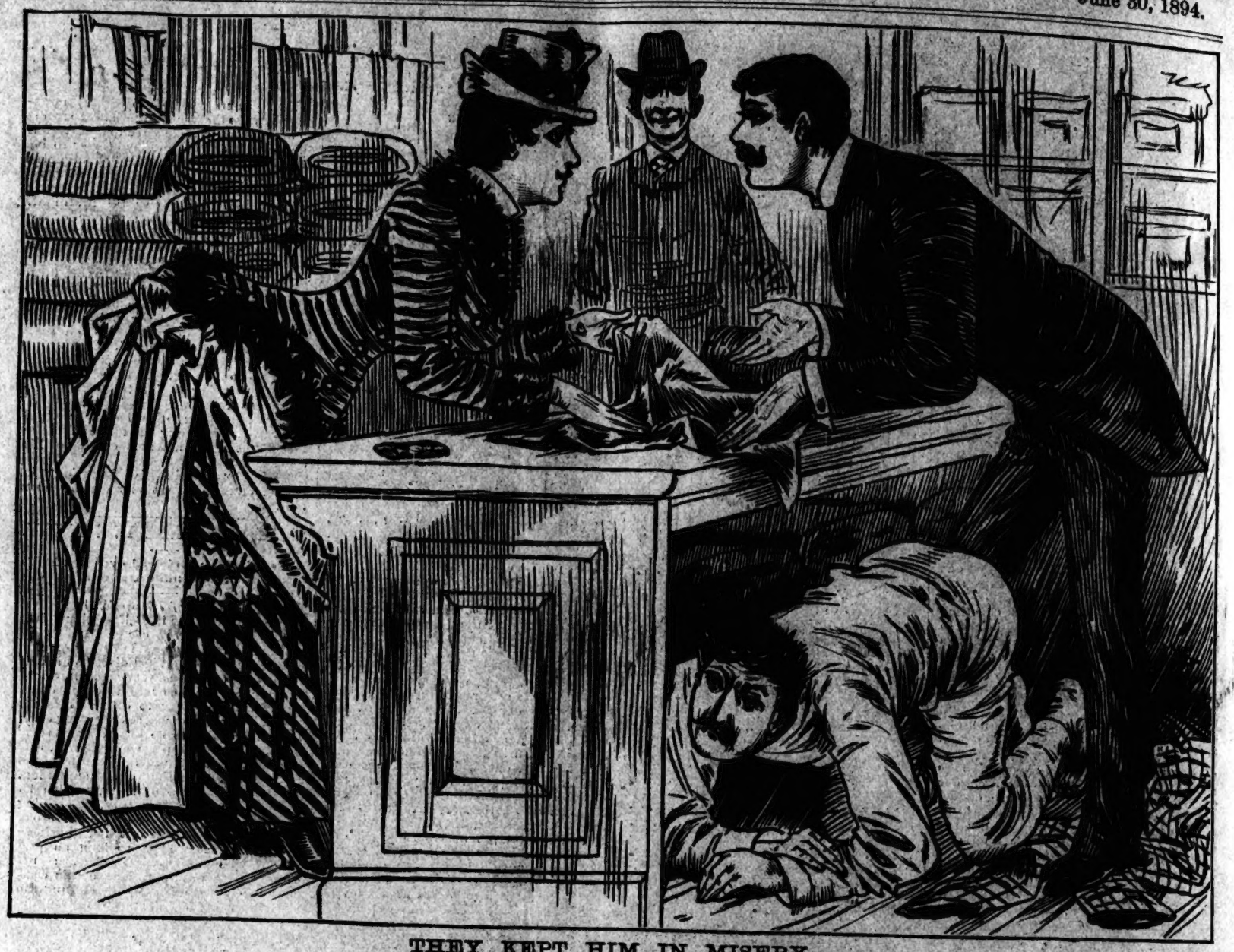
In a draper's shop in Belfast there is a clerk who frequently changes his attire after reaching business in the morning. The other day he had just divested himself of his trousers when a young lady customer came in, and he was forced to get down beneath the counter to conceal himself. She halted close by where the young clerk lay, and asked to be served with some cloth. Piece after piece was shown, and the clerk in attendance rather enjoyed the uncomfortable position of his companion. He wrote on a slip of paper, which he handed to the young lady, explaining matters, and she, being of a humourous turn of mind, made it her business to prolong her stay as long as possible. The unfortunate beneath the counter tugged at the trousers of his companion clerk in hopes of hastening the departure, but the more he tugged the more persistent the other was to keep up the joke. When he was finally enabled to dress himself the clerk vowed that in future he would make it a point never to attempt to change his wearing apparel in the shop.

STRIKES IN AMERICA.

What may be Expected when Capital and Labour Fail to Agree.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The coal strike in this country last winter was probably the worst one we ever experienced, and while it in no way affected the capitalists, it created suffering amongst the poor people in all parts of the kingdom. Bad as the strike was in Great Britain, the one now on in America is a great deal worse. The capitalists have at their call the police and militia, and any effort made on the part of the working man to assert his rights results in his being shot down like a dog. It is claimed that the States is a free country, but there is less freedom there than there is here. We have domestic lock-outs in all parts of the world, but those are easily adjusted. Chinese labour is the only kind that never strikes, and it is only a question of time when they are employed to fill the gaps made by the citizens who rebel against capital. Will it ever come to pass when Chinamen will be in a position to throw the workingman off the tram cars, and be backed up by the authorities? The police receive £20 per month in the large American cities, but if they should strike, the citizens would be garrotted on the public streets in daylight. If Bridget should strike, men would have to assist in the house-work, and their wives would soon become dissatisfied. A brewers' strike would compel the beer drinker to indulge in aerated waters, and that would hardly be in keeping with a nose of a bright vermilion hue. A car drivers' strike would find men carrying the fair sex and children about, and every large dog would be brought into use. During a coal strike such as is now on we hear of the families gathering what they require and bringing it home, but if the blacksmiths should strike, what then? Horses would have to be shod with boots, and only think of what a sight the animals would present! But what price the tailors, if they should strike? Ninety-nine out of every hundred depend upon the tailor to make their bodies appear well formed, and how hideous the people would look if they were unable to procure the clothing necessary to make them presentable! Strikes are bad institutions, and the worst sufferers are the poor families whose incomes are completely cut off.



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"YOU CAUSED FATHER'S DEATH."

A Son Who Accused a Sister of Causing the Death of a Parent.

"CONFESS YOUR SINS."

How a Trio of Girls Found Out a Young Man's Faults.

SAW A REAL SNAKE.

A Practical Joke upon a Bibulous Party of Sports.

TURF NOTES.

NEWCASTLE, WINDSOR, SANDOWN PARK, PORTSMOUTH PARK, AND NOTTINGHAM. NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE. FINALS.

The glorious uncertainty of the Turf was again instanced in the Royal Hunt Cup, where the outsider Victor Wild succeeded in doing the unexpected. In these columns his claims were consistently adhered to, and in making a final selection in one of four, Victor Wild was our chosen representative; so that those who have carefully read their MIRROR OF LIFE were not altogether in the dark with regard to his chance. Naturally the win was very coldly received, and I doubt if there are many who would care to congratulate the owner.

In the programme for this week, Newcastle claims general attention with the Northumberland Plate. Of the original thirty-nine entries, the pen has been put through more than half that number, but the task is anything but easy to find the winner in once. Red Ensign possesses more than an ordinary chance, and he should stay every yard of the way; he will not be without friends; still, he will have plenty to carry, and one a little lower in the handicap may be better here. Hawkesbury at Epsom could win over the mile, and if he can manage the extra distance his speed would make it a sultry job. Houndsditch was brought out for the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, where he was called upon to give 5lb to Golden Drop; he did so, and obtained a situation, and in the race under notice the last-named has to present him with 20lb, so that on the form shown, at a difference of 25lb it must be a good thing for Mr. Lowther's horse, who, with only 7st, should certainly be on the premises, and this aged son of Peter will hold the three-year-olds safe, for Theseus ran disappointingly in the Ascot Stakes, and I fail to see how he can improve on that in this company; and Rodomont, although good enough to win the Northamptonshire Stakes, will find this a very different task, his victory on that occasion, it must be remembered, was a very narrow one, and he does not appear to have the ability to place this to his credit, so that neither of the youngsters may be regarded dangerous. Madame Neruda II. may be passed over, but we stop at Xylophone, though his stable-companion, Cytherean, will not, I think, take this to Malton, for if it should go in this direction, it may be by the aid of The Hudson, who will be preferred to Sweden. Of those trained from this quarter we have Shancrotha, Newcourt, Xylophone, Cytherean, Sweden, and The Hudson. The last-named may prove the best, and Houndsditch and Hawkesbury from headquarters will be there to keep him company; consequently the three H's will be hard nuts, and one of them should be returned the winner.

For the Newcastle Handicap, on Thursday, the running of the previous day will somewhat guide those who endeavour to anticipate the placings if either Pickle Berry or Dendoscope should be sent. Mr. Vyner should have this prize, Pickle Berry for choice. Wharfe was out on Saturday, and has incurred a penalty, so his absence will not be a surprise, and Quickfoot may be sent in preference to Paddy. Bird's Eye Blue can do duty here now that her services are not required for the Plate, for which she cried content on Saturday. The Seaton Delaval Plate will bring out the youngsters. The early form shown by Ella Tweed and Choice entitles them to be at the head of affairs, but I scarcely think they can be meeting Cheery or Marciana with a winning chance, the running up to the present has been so in and out with the two-year-olds; otherwise a few pounds extra on the back of a good one is never considered—in fact, two stone will not at times interrupt a winning sequence at this age. But, as I said before, the quality is so mixed at present that every chance appears that one of the dark lot may come through with flying colours. In the Queen's Plate the ex-hurdler, Swaledale, should go close, but a small field, if not a walk over, may result; anyhow, with his light impost I should not look further for the winner. At Windsor, for the Royal Borough Handicap, President is well in; at the same time Ammonite's quality, who will no doubt be the mount of Finley, will place him well in this company, and I am fully prepared to see this son of Paradox win.

In the Thames Handicap Primrose Way, although top weight, should have little difficulty to account for it; his two successes at Epsom, where on the second occasion he was neglected, the win was easily achieved, and he is likely to be in the same vein now. Sandown Park on Thursday and Friday, with Nottingham on Saturday, interest will be well-sustained throughout the week, and in dealing with these meetings details as below may to some extent assist.

NEWCASTLE TO-DAY.

The Northumberland Plate,
The Hudson,
Houndsditch and Hawkesbury places.
The Park Plate,
Wensley,
Guiser and Candace places.
St. Oswald Welter Handicap Plate,
Flat Fish,
Fragosa and Armand places.
The Monkchester Foal Plate,
Lottie's Dude,
Newsmonger and Duchess of Westwood places.
The Gosforth Park Biennial Stakes,
Eileen Boldheath,
Donova and Ada places.

WINDSOR.

The Royal Borough Handicap,
Ammonite,
President and Vetch places.
The Thames Handicap,
Primrose Way,
Gold Reef and Glengarry places.
A Maiden Plate,
Nuggets,
Petrinia and Diplomat places.
The Athens Selling Welter Plate,
Judy,
Canobie and Merry Dance filly places.

NEWCASTLE.

The Newcastle Handicap,
Pickle Berry,
Quickfoot and Bird's Eye Blue places.
The Scurry Plate,
Evelyn,
Rathdrum and Queen's Arms places.
The Seaton Delaval Plate,
Cheery,
Marciana and Float places.
The Queen's Plate,
Swaledale,
Hettie Sorrel and Dare Devil places.

SANDOWN PARK.

The Wellington Handicap,
Bach,
Tableau Vivant and Irish Car places.
The Rookery Two-Year-Old Race,
Arlette.
Bragmardo and Robert Dow places.
The Corinthian Welter Handicap,
Miss Patty,
Ellerton and Eglinton places.
The Clarence and Avondale Stakes,
Ingebrigt,
Kirkconell and Slow Step places.

PORTSMOUTH PARK.

Coronation Plate,
Woolwich,
Improver and Gnatbrain places.
The Purbrook Plate,
Trionfi,
Winford and Skill places.
A National Hunt Flate Race,
Ben Wyvis,
The Saxon and Four Poster places.
The Farlingham Hurdle Race,
Wrong Course,
Lord of the Glen and St. Benedict places.

SANDOWN PARK.

The June Plate,
Tinder,
Lord George and Velveteen places.
The Robert De Witville Handicap,
Moonflower,
Hawkweed and Primrose Knight places.
The British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes,
Recorder,
Gawrey and Kissing Cup places.
The Clarence and Avondale Stakes,
Florizel II.,
Priestholme and Canning places.

NOTTINGHAM.

Colwick Park Handicap,
John Morgan,
Versailles and Pink Flower places.
The Bestwood Plate,
Confessional,
Soar and Thorneycroft places.
The Maiden Stakes,
Spotless,
Lucerna and Favoured Knight places.
The Elvaston Castle Stakes,
Cameen,
Humphrey Clinker and Bolero places.

CHALK.

TOMMY LOATES.

England's Leading Light-weight Jockey.

(With Portrait.)

TOMMY LOATES, the popular and leading light-weight jockey, was born at Derby, Oct. 6, 1867. He rides at 7st 4lb, and he is retained to pilot the horses owned by Mr. L. de Rothschild, Mr. M'Calmont, and the Jewitt stable. His list of winning mounts last season was 222 in number, and this season he bids fair to surpass thr.. ..cord.

JOHN GOLDIE ROUND.

JOHN GOLDIE ROUND, 33, described as a boot repairer, of Fowler Street, Camberwell, was charged before Mr. Sheil, on June 20, with the wilful murder of his wife, Ellen Round, at the Attwell beer-house, Attwell Road, Peckham.—The prisoner appeared to be perfectly composed, and listened attentively to the evidence.—Police-constable Rickards, 269 P, said he was on duty at a quarter to one on Tuesday afternoon, June 19, in Rye Lane, Peckham, when a man named Farmer called him to the Attwell Arms beer-house, Attwell Road. He there saw a woman in the private bar in a sitting position on the floor. Round was then sitting in a chair with the woman's head leaning on his knees. Witness asked what was the matter. Accused replied, "I have murdered this woman," at the same time taking the knife produced (a shoemaker's knife, with a razor-like edge) from his coat-pocket, and stating, "This is what I did it with." Witness then saw blood on the left-hand breast of the woman's jacket. She was unconscious. When Dr. Hodgson arrived, Round asked, "Can you do anything for her, doctor?" The reply was "I am afraid not. She has gone too far." The prisoner then said, "She is my wife, the cow." Told that he must consider himself in custody, the man replied, "I did it and must put up with it." When charged at the station with murdering his wife, he replied, "Quite right, sir."—Inspector Fox: There are some letters bearing upon the charge, sir, but I suggest it would be better for the Treasury to go through them and hand them in.—Mr. Sheil (to the constable): When you went into the bar was there anybody but the prisoner and his wife there?—Constable: No one. The prisoner was apparently sober.—Prisoner: There is one word I don't think I used, "the cow."—Mr. Sheil (to the constable): Are you sure he used the word "cow?"—Constable: Quite sure.—Prisoner: Wasn't there another man in the bar when you came in?—Constable: No man but you.—Prisoner: Then he must have gone.—Inspector Fox mentioned that the police had been unable to trace any of the relatives of the deceased. Her maiden name was Ellen Love, and it was believed she had two sisters resident in London. Perhaps if publicity were given to the matter they would come forward.—The prisoner was then remanded for a week.

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

The Most Conspicuous Structure of Modern Times.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The Tower Bridge is probably the greatest one in the world, and the most conspicuous ever constructed. It will be formally opened on Saturday, June 30, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The opening ceremonies will no doubt attract thousands to have a look at the structure, and be the incentive of a general holiday for all classes in London. It is announced that a portion of the route will be guarded by troops, the regiment employed being the 2nd Norfolk, now in garrison at the Tower. A guard of honour of the Household Cavalry will be mounted opposite the dais at the bridge; another guard of the Honourable Artillery Company at the western side of the northern approach; and a fourth of the London Rifle Brigade, on the eastern side. Detachments of Volunteers will also be posted, the Honourable Artillery Company on the north-west side of the bridge, the London Rifle Brigade on the north-west side of the approach, the Tower Hamlets Corps on the north-east side of the bridge, and the 1st Surrey Rifles and the 2nd V. B. East Surrey on either side of the southern approach. The Warden of the Tower will be posted on the Tower Wharf; and the Tower guns will fire a salute. The Prince of Wales will be accompanied to the Bridge by a captain's escort of Life Guards. The route from Marlborough House will be Pall Mall, Duncannon Street, Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, King William Street, Eastcheap, Trinity Square, and Tower Hill.

SOUGHT DEATH TOGETHER.

Two bodies were found floating in the Macclesfield and Marple Canal at Whiteley Green, near Stockport, June 22. On being taken out of the water they were seen to be those of a young man and young woman the bodies being tied together with handkerchiefs round the waists. The bodies were afterwards identified as those of Walter Brindley, a baker in the employ of a Macclesfield tradesman, and of Esther Pickford, a domestic servant in the same employ. Brindley was a married man, and leaves a wife and three children. Pickford, who was an unmarried woman, had had three children. The pair had been keeping company for some months, and it is stated that a few days ago they were mobbed by their neighbours.

ARMY ATHLETIC MEET AT ALDERSHOT.

THE Duke of Connaught has given permission for the Eighteenth Army Athletic Meeting to be held at Aldershot on August 3 and 4, when the number of troops at the camp will have been largely increased by the arrival of additional regiments for the manœuvres.

TANDEM RECORD LOWERED.

H. H. SANSOM and E. Oxborrow, on a tandem Safety, lowered the 50 miles world's road record by 37min 12sec, doing 2 hours 3min 59sec, as against 2 hours 5min 45 4-5 sec. On the way they beat the 100 miles world's record by 1min 55 4-5sec, doing 4 hours 46min 17sec, as against 5 hours 23min 29sec made on the path last season. Mr. Evans, R.R.A., took the time.

KILLED HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR.

JEALOUSY has led to another characteristic French tragedy, the actors being people in a humble walk of life. The affair took place at Alfortville, not far from the Botanical Gardens, and situated near the conflux of the Seine and Marne. Bourderie, a journeyman mason, and Chabert, a locksmith, married two sisters. The mason lately began to pay a good deal of attention to his sister-in-law, who is of a very romantic disposition, according to the gossips of the locality. She frequently met Bouderie unknown to her husband, who, when he heard of the *liaison*, adopted the plan peculiar to the low-comedy Benedict. He started on a journey some distance away from Paris, and his wife received Bourderie in her house as soon as Chabert had gone well out of sight. The jealous husband, after having waited an hour or so in a public-house, returned to his home, entered it, and found the guilty pair together. He rushed at Bourderie with a sharp instrument, which he plunged several times in the man's breast, and then, going to the police station, gave himself up. His wife had in the meantime taken refuge with neighbours. The mason was attended by a medical man as soon as possible, but he bled to death, and his body was sent to the Morgue, there to await the inquest or judicial post-mortem examination, as it is called in Paris.

A FRENCHMAN'S DANGEROUS JOLLITY.

FRENCHMEN when in their cups become either brutally quarrelsome or utterly helpless. They are either inclined to be aggressive or to fall about the streets, at the imminent risk of smashing their skulls against a wall, a lamp-post, or a kerbstone. Judging from what happened in a Ceinture train June 21 it appears that there is another stage in the progress of Gallic intoxication—that of dangerous jollity. As the train specified, which runs round the city, was entering the station of the Boulevard Ornano, four females, in a state of terrible trepidation, were seen to issue rapidly from a compartment marked "For ladies only." They were shrieking "help" and "murder" as they hastily stepped on the platform, and the station-master, a crowd of porters, and several passengers ran to their rescue. After the affrighted females had descended from the compartment of *dames seules* there appeared a man who carried a revolver in his hand, and whose rather rubicund face was wreathed in smiles. As he saw the station master he burst out laughing and the revolver went off, at the same time a bullet passing through the top of the bonnet of one of the terrified women, whom the strange man was chasing before him like sheep. The fellow—still laughing—next presented his weapon at the station-master and those accompanying that official, but he was speedily disarmed. It was then discovered that he was intoxicated. He had evidently entered on the stage of "dangerous jollity," for he said that he had only produced his revolver in the train in order to frighten the ladies. The man was nearly lynched by some of the people on the platform, but the police took charge of him in time. He is a Belleville tradesman, who had suspended business in order to enjoy an outing.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

His Grace didn't Fear a Gun.—Some thirty years ago the Duke of Rutland's hounds met at Croxton Park, the centre of the Melton hunt, and a large number of the nobility was in attendance. A fox was quickly started and the hounds ran him across country until they got to Buckminster. Here, whilst running across some fields belonging to a small freeholder named Marshall, the fox was suddenly missed. Mr. George Storer was riding beside the Duke at the time, and intimated that the animal had been shot. Soon after, Marshall was discovered with a gun in his hand, standing near the fox, and threatened to shoot anyone who came near him. The Duke of Rutland then descended from his horse, seized the man by the collar, pushed him aside, taking the fox from his care, at the same time treating him to a dose of whip. Marshall accepted the flogging, and never dared shoot his gun, though he complained of ruined crops.

* * *

Made a Bit of a "Spache."—Those who go to the different glove fights that occur in London realise what noisy and boisterous crowds are generally in attendance, and the man they fancy seldom gets beaten. It was in a proprietary club one evening that an Irishman arose, and in a loud voice exclaimed: "I want to make a bit of a spache, gintlemin. If yez will only be afther being silent for a toime yez will see ould Ireland to the front to-night. We came here to see a foight, and the less said the better." The men entered the ring and both indulged in spirited work for fully a minute, when the Irishman who requested silence became decidedly demonstrative. "Stick to him, Pat," he shouted "You must bate him if yez will stroike hard enough on the kisser." Pat got beaten, and the Irishman was heard to remark, "Bad cese to Pat, he's not a true son of ould Ireland."

* * *

Didn't Like to Get it on the "Boko."—It is not many years ago that a Jew was participating in a fight for £100, with a well-known light-weight, and it was a tough battle, too. Honours were evenly distributed for the first dozen rounds, when the Jew took a notion into his head to quit. His seconds offered all manner of encouragement for him to persevere, but he declared the other fellow was liable to spoil the shape of his nose, which would for ever ostracise him from Petticoat Lane. Finally, after a tough rally, the Jew planted a hot one on the neck, and rushed for the ropes to climb out of the ring, without waiting to see how his opponent was getting along. His seconds expostulated, and finally told him the other man was dropping dead. The Jew cast his head around, and, seeing he had been correctly informed, exclaimed: "S'help me, Moses, vat a bit of luck. He vas dropping tead, and I go by the middle of de ring and pick up dat shure money. Jakey vas no fool dis time."

* * *

Reputation Done the Trick.—Jack Slack became Champion of England by defeating Jack Broughton, and after he was beaten by Bill Stevens he returned to his business as a butcher, and opened a shop in Covent Garden. He found pleasure in visiting fairs, and giving countrymen a taste of his punching abilities just for fun. He, on one visit, struck a youth from the country, without provocation, a stinging blow in the mouth. The stranger took umbrage at such liberties, and immediately set about Slack, who found he had hit the wrong customer. Slack wanted to get out of his dilemma with good grace without receiving a thrashing, and resorted to the following manœuvre to intimidate the stranger: "What! a chawbacon attempt to beat Jack Slack!" The stratagem had the desired effect on the unsuspecting countryman, who exclaimed, "Dang it, what have I been fighten with that noted mon, Slack? No, no, I woant have no more to do with thee!"

He left off and beat a hasty retreat out of sight, and thus Slack avoided a whipping.

* * *

Bendigo Made Him Stop.—When John Handley was attempting to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours at Trent Bridge Grounds, Nottingham, many years ago, Bendigo the pugilist, sent him word that unless he quit and returned to the Kingston Arms in Market Place, he would pelt him with sods. Handley paid no heed to the threat for several days, till informed that "Bendy" was on his way to the grounds with his arms loaded down with sods. Handley quitted the track and was just passing out of the grounds when he brought up face to face with "Bendy," who exclaimed, "Lucky dog, I was just about to pay you my compliments with an armful of sods. You silly fool, go back to thy business where you are most wanted."

* * *

Wanted to Imitate Sullivan.—John L. Sullivan was recuperating one summer at Nantasket Beach, near Boston, and stopped at a hotel kept by D. Murphy. The latter professed to be an expert rifle-shot, and was always prepared to shoot the ash off a cigar, when in a man's mouth, at thirty paces. The Boston slugger, to display his nerve, consented to hold a coin between his thumb and forefinger for Murphy to hit. Murphy shot, and instead of striking the coin the rifle-bullet hit the forefinger, carrying a piece off with it. Ike Weir, the Spider, learned of the occurrence, and he made haste to Nantasket. When the opportunity presented itself the Spider suggested holding a coin for Murphy to hit. Ike purposely let his hand waver a trifle, and, instead of hitting one finger Murphy struck two with the bullet. Weir felt elated over the wounded paw, and when chided on his foolishness he merely remarked, "Sullivan is heavy-weight champion and I'm champion in the feather-weight class. Sullivan got his finger shot off, and I wanted to imitate him."

* * *

Nothing Slipped through his Fingers.—A story is told about a jockey who, some years ago, was approached by a bookmaker in hopes of having him bring into play all the strength he possessed in his arms when riding a favourite in a race. The jockey listened attentively to the sum offered, and then declined to enter into any agreement lest he compromised himself. He wanted the money, however, and, turning his back to the bookie, he put his left hand behind him, remarking that he never let the right hand know what the left did, and anything that struck his hand would not slip through his fingers.

* * *

The Seven Deadly Hits.—When Joe Goss, the Northampton cobbler, first started a public-house in Boston, U.S.A., he was bothered considerably by ambitious young men from the surrounding towns, who sought advice and instructions in boxing. If there was one thing Joe disliked more than another it was to give lessons in boxing or talk on what he could do. Being pestered to distraction by one man, Joe tried to turn him off by telling him to learn the seven deadly hits. Nothing would do but that Joe must give an illustration of the seven deadly hits, and, standing before the novice, Joe planted a hot one in the stomach, exclaiming there was number one. The blow doubled the aspirant up like a Jack-knife, and before he could recover, Goss brought the right across, and, landing on the neck, he laid the pupil out. Number two proved quite sufficient for the young man, who, when he had recovered, quitted the place, and ever afterward gave that section of the town a wide berth.

* * *

The Black Man Sulked.—The native of Australasia is the black man, commonly called the Aborigine. They are peculiar characters and of a decidedly inoffensive disposition. Samuels, the man who beat Harry Hutchins at short distance running, is an Aborigine, and when he first entered the handicaps at Sydney, the only thing he could say in English was, "me catchem," meaning, when put on the mark, he would overtake any man who had a start over him in the handicap. It appears that in training for one of the big Botany handicaps, some of the men about the house, where the runner stopped, spoke very harsh to Samuels. When you offend an Aborigine he usually sneaks off and climbs a tall tree, and will sit there for twenty-four hours at a time refusing to be reconciled. When Samuels was grossly insulted he stole silently off and got into the branches of a tree close by. When the trainers missed him they scoured the country for miles around without success. Finally a friend, knowing the disposition of the Aborigine, declared the missing link was in a tree close by. With the trainer, the man at once inspected the trees close to the house, and, in the uppermost branches of one, sat Samuels. He had been there for fully twenty-four hours, and it took a considerable amount of coaxing to induce him to descend. All manner of promises were made, but what done the trick was the promise of a cigar and a drink. This the black couldn't refuse, and again went into training.

* * *

Remarkable Feats of Equestrianism.—One of the earliest in this country occurred in the year of 1604, in the reign of James I., when John Lipton, Esq., of Kenwick, Yorkshire, one of his Majesty's grooms, undertook to ride five times between London and York, from Monday morning to Saturday night. He accordingly set out from St. Martin's-le-Grand between two and three in the morning on May 16, and arrived at York the same day between five and six in the afternoon, where he stayed till three the next morning and then returned, reaching St. Martin's-le-Grand about seven in the evening, and the following evening he again reached York. Leaving York in the following morning he reached St. Martin's-le-Grand before eight in the evening. He set off again for York between two and three in the morning following and reached there in the evening, completing the task in five days.

In the year 1619, on July 17, Bernard Calvert rode from St. George's Church, Southwark, to Dover, thence passed by barge to Calais, in France, and returned to St. George's Church the same day. Starting about three o'clock in the morning he finished the journey at eight in the evening.

In 1701 Mr. Sinclair, a gentleman residing in Cumberland, for a wager of 500 guineas, rode a Galloway, on the Swift at Carlisle, 1,000 miles in a 1,000 successive hours.

* * *

Sporting Ardour.—The Duke of Grafton when hunting in 1820, was thrown into a ditch. At the same time a young curate, calling out, "Lie still, my lord," leaped over him and pursued his sport. Instead of such a want of feeling being resented, his Grace, on being helped out by his attendant, said, "That man shall have the first good living that falls at my disposal; had he stopped to have taken care me, I never would have given him anything," being delighted with a spirit that wouldn't stoop to flatter.

THE BRIDEGROOM BECAME JEALOUS.

How the Best Man was the Means of Causing a Fight.

(Subject of Illustration.)

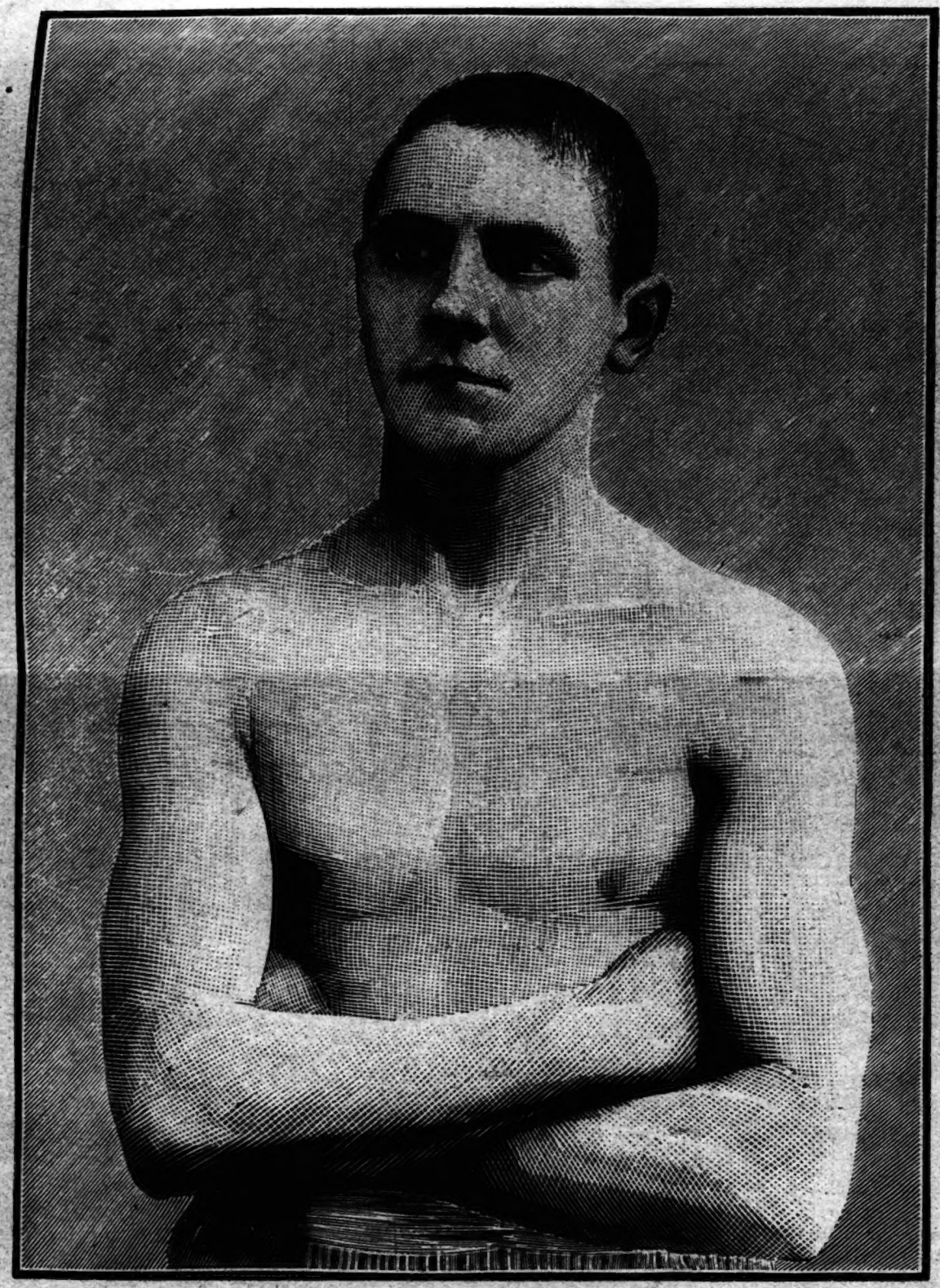
Strange things often happen at low-life weddings in Paris, and, as in a well-known farce, the bride and bridegroom, with their friends, sometimes finish up their festivities in a police-station. A journeyman carriage-builder married the woman of his choice on June 16, and the wedding breakfast took place in a restaurant on the Avenue de la Grande Armée. During the frisking and frolic which followed the repast, the best man began to show too much attention to the bride, so much so that the newly married carriage-builder had frequently to cry out in anguish, "Ernest, when are you going to leave off kissing my wife?" At last the bride gave an unearthly scream which caused her husband to jump. The best man pinched her severely, and the bridegroom, burning with indignation, flung the glass out of which he had been drinking absinthe at the head of the too attentive *garcon d'honneur*. A fight ensued, during which the best man knocked the bridegroom under the table and began to bang at his head. The wedding guests were divided into two camps, and a battle royal took place between the friends of the best man and the devoted adherents of the bridegroom. The landlord of the restaurant rushed about trying to restore peace, and waving a table napkin by way of an olive branch, but all to no purpose. Hostilities went on with vigour; glasses were flung about, blood was flowing, and the bride fainted. The police were sent for as a last resource, and they separated the combatants, who had to appear at the neighbouring station, where they were detained until they apologised and promised to behave themselves. The best man and the bridegroom became reconciled, and the wedding frolics were ultimately resumed.

SAW A REAL SNAKE.

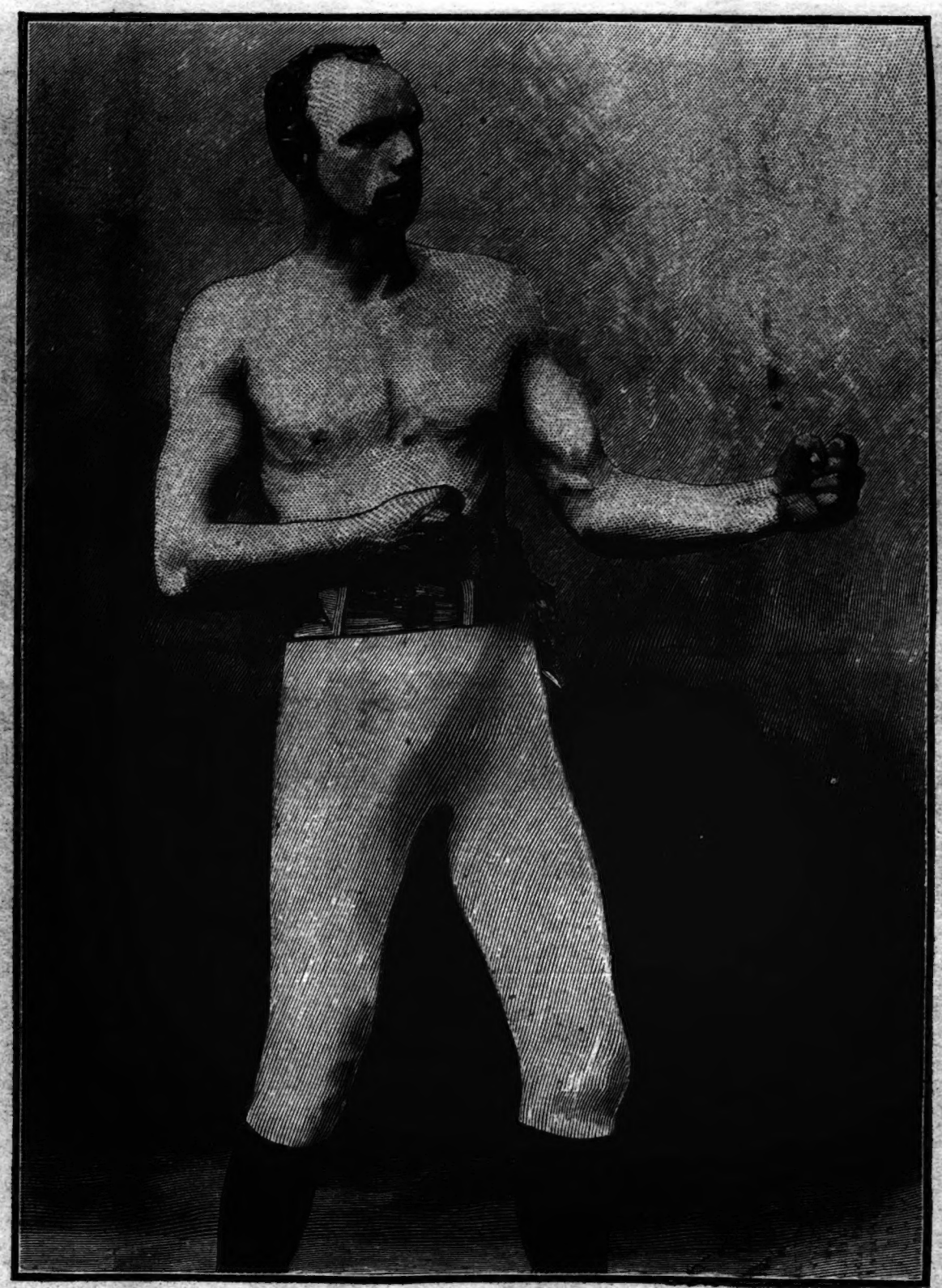
A Practical Joke upon a Bibulous Party of Sports.

(Subject of Illustration.)

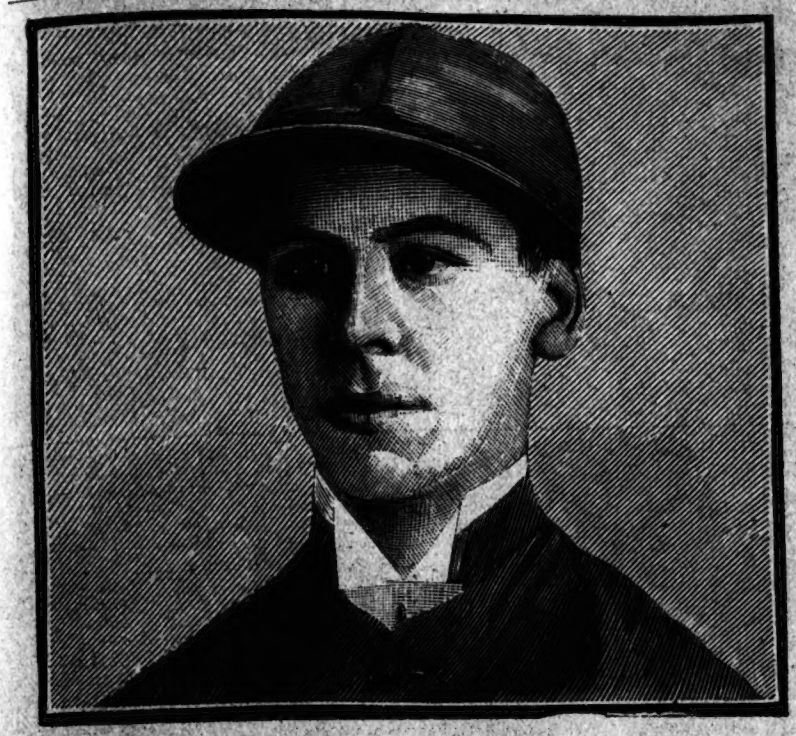
While a party of young sports were indulging in a jollification in a public-house at Auckland recently, a practical joker entered and deposited upon the floor a box containing a snake some seven feet long. He managed to open the side of the box and escape into the billiard room undiscovered. The reptile crawled out of the box and into the centre of the floor when discovered by one of the party, who screamed to his companions to escape. They mounted the bar, and had it not been for the timely aid of those in the billiard-room, the matter would have assumed a serious aspect. Though the men declare they will never touch a drop of whisky again, they are sparing no effort to discover the identity of the miscreant who played such a cruel joke at their expense.



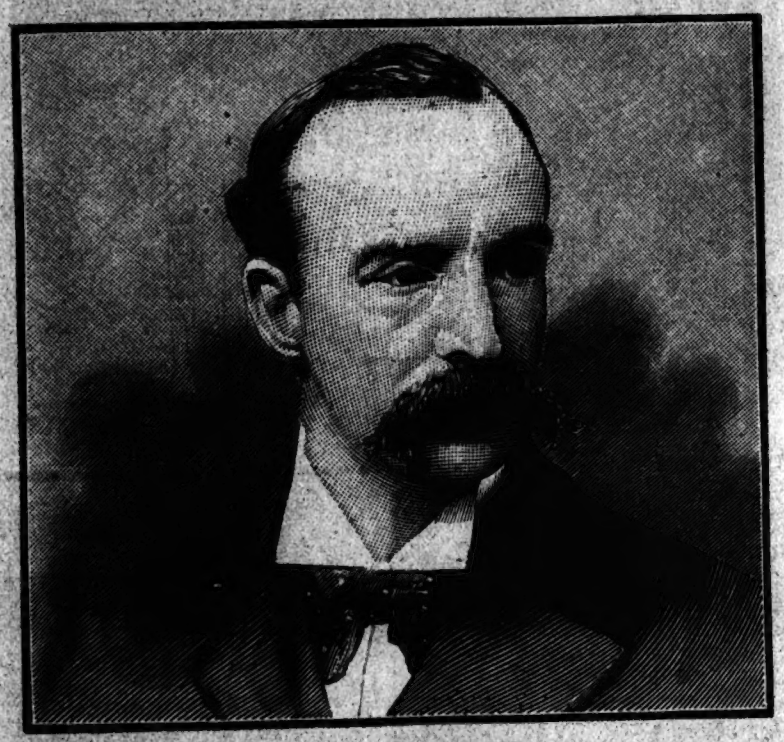
GEORGE CORFIELD.
Champion 7st 12lb Pugilist of England.



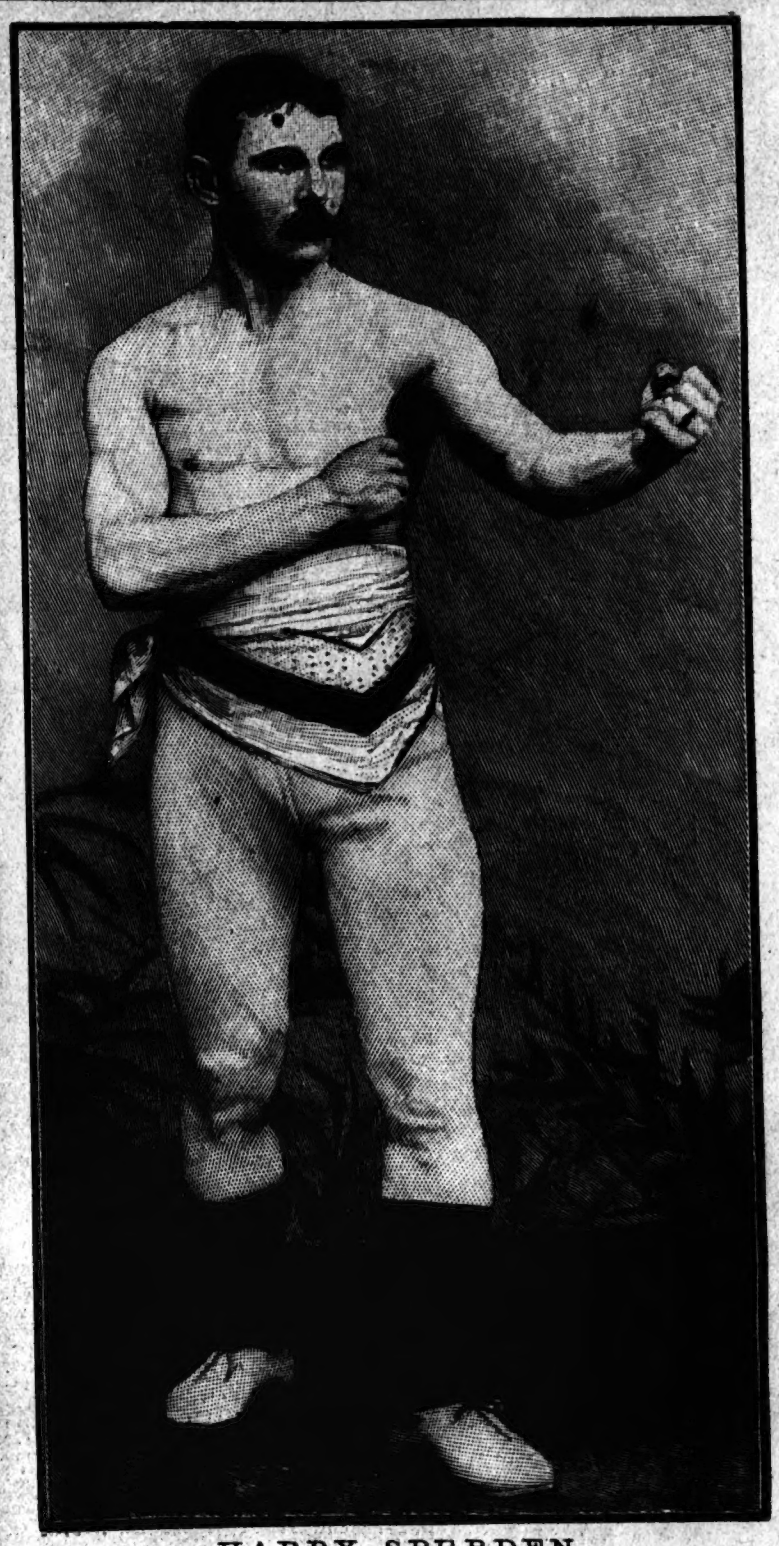
BOB FITZSIMMONS.
Middle-weight Champion of the World.



TOMMY LOATES.
England's Leading Light-weight Jockey.



JOHN J. RYAN.
Amateur Champion of America, to Compete at Henley for the Diamond Skulls.



HARRY SPURDEN.
9st Champion of England.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.
The Canadian Oarsman to Compete at Henley.

AROUND THE RING.

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POLICE SAVE CHOYNSKI.

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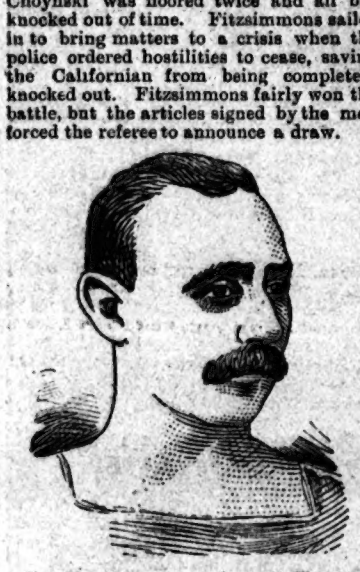
Torrid Bouts in Torrid Weather.

(With Portrait.)

Bob Fitzsimmons, middle-weight champion of the world, has proved beyond question that he can not only whip any middle-weight alive, but is capable of rendering a good account of himself against any of the heavy-weight division. James J. Corbett acknowledges that Joe Choynski gave him the hardest fight of his life, and circumstances show that Choynski has improved considerably upon the form he displayed when he fought Corbett. On his improved form he was nothing short of a plaything before Fitzsimmons, who hammered him about like a shuttlecock. The pair met at catch weights to fight eight rounds, with soft gloves, at the Boston Theatre, Boston, June 18, for the gate receipts, and, according to the arrangement entered into, the match, if stopped by the police, should be called drawn. The first two rounds were uneventful, both men displaying cautious tactics. In the third, however, Choynski got home fairly on the jaw, sending the champion down. Fitzsimmons rose somewhat groggy, but his excellent display of generalship enabled him to keep out of danger till he had recovered. After he had collected his senses he assumed the aggressive, and in the fourth round knocked Choynski down three times in rapid succession. On stepping to the centre for the fifth round Choynski was floored twice and all but knocked out of time. Fitzsimmons sailed in to bring matters to a crisis when the police ordered hostilities to cease, saving the Californian from being completely knocked out. Fitzsimmons fairly won the battle, but the articles signed by the men forced the referee to announce a draw.



Bob Fitzsimmons was born at Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862. He stands 6ft high in his stocking feet. Stripped to the skin his measurements are: Chest, 43in; shoulders, 51in; waist, 34in; hips, 37½in; thighs, 22in; calf, 14in; biceps, 14in; forearm, 12in; wrist, 8in; neck, 17in. He went to Timaru, New Zealand, in 1878, and learned the horse-shoeing trade. He was brought out by Jem Mace, and his first professional fight was with Slade, the Maori.

Before going to America, where he arrived May 15, 1890, he had bested the following men:—Slade, three rounds; Jim Crawford, three; Bill Slavin, Jim Hall, five; "Starlight," nine; Arthur Cooper, three; Jack Murphy, four; Brinsmead, two; Jack Greentree, three; Dick Sandal, four; Conway, three; Dick Ellis, three; Prof. West, one. His only defeat was by Jim Hall in 1890, four rounds, which Fitzsimmons always claimed was a prearranged affair.

His victories in America are as follows: Beat Billy McCarthy, nine rounds, San Francisco, 1890; beat Arthur Upham, five rounds, New Orleans, 1890; beat Jack Dempsey, thirteen rounds, for the Middle Weight Championship, New Orleans, 1891; beat Harris, the Black Pearl, four rounds, Minneapolis, 1891; beat Peter Maher, twelve rounds, New Orleans, 1892; beat Jack Slattery, two rounds, New York, 1892; beat Joe Godfrey, one round, Philadelphia, 1892; beat Abe Congle, three rounds, Chicago, 1892; beat William Collier, one round, Anniston, Ala., 1892; beat Jack Hickey, of Birmingham, three rounds, Newark, New Jersey, 1893; beat Jem Hall, four rounds, New Orleans, 1893. Fitzsimmons has fought for the largest sum of money ever in abeyance in a prize-fight. It was at New Orleans, La., March 8, 1893, when he defeated Jem Hall. The stakes amounted to £4,000, and the purse offered £8,000.

Without a question he is the greatest middle-weight pugilist that has ever graced the prize-ring. He possesses the height, reach, and strength of a heavy-weight, but his long, lanky build enables him to enter the ring at 11st 4lb. It is his intention now to seek a fight with James J. Corbett, since the latter has declined to meet Jackson in England. Fitzsimmons writes to The Mirror of Life that if Corbett wants a fight south of Mason and Dixon's line he will accommodate him, and if "Corbett tries the diplomatic dodge and essays to avoid the issue, I will either force him to fight me or drive him out of the business. That I will do if I have to go to the ends of the earth to accomplish my purpose.

"I have never before talked in this strain regarding a brother boxer. Self-respect in the present instance compels me to this course. I have never said anything of a discreditable nature concerning Corbett; but he, on the other hand, without any cause or provocation, never lets slip an opportunity to rush into print and assail my character as a man, and speak derisively of my abilities as a boxer. I have never been honestly defeated, while all the other great boxers who are or have been in the championship class, or next door to it, have been beaten. These include John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Paddy Slavin, Charlie Mitchell, Joe Choynski, Joe Goddard, Jim Hall, Peter Maher, Joe McAuliffe, Jake Kilrain, Denver Smith, and George Godfrey. Corbett refused to fight Peter Maher, whom I afterwards defeated. He got his reputation by defeating John L. Sullivan when the latter had been broken down with sickness and social excesses, but skilfully avoided a battle with sturdy Paddy Slavin when the big Australian was at his fittest and best. He took on Charley Mitchell, a middle-weight, 5in shorter, 35lb lighter, and six years older than himself, and dodged Peter Jackson, who possesses all the advantages he does save youth. This, too, after Jackson had first call, and really a promise from Corbett after their famous 'no contest' in California.

"In that battle, let me here remark, Jackson had a sprained leg, and the present 'champion' was really contending against a one-legged man. Yet he stood on the defensive throughout, and kept running away all the time from the crippled fighter before him. Jackson has striven manfully ever since to settle that affair, but Corbett always avoided such an issue. Even now he is apparently trying to dodge a fight with Peter. He insists that he won't do battle in England, but that Jackson must meet him in America, where he (Corbett) won the championship. If he adheres to this resolution the public can readily perceive which is the man who sees the red light. Jackson won't fight south of Mason and Dixon's line on account of the prejudice existing against his colour in that territory, and no Northern club can pull off a championship battle. Neither will the people of the sister republic, Mexico, where there is no law against boxing or even prize-fighting, give any kind of a purse for such a contest. They are too wretchedly poor to pay for such luxuries. The fight must take place in England if it takes place at all, where influential people and lords are patrons of the manly art. Jackson is not only willing but anxious to fight over there, and Corbett must, if he means to fight."

* * *

There is no question but that Corbett will have to fight before the year is out, providing he contemplates remaining before the public. He may evade an issue with Jackson, but he can't possibly avoid meeting Bob Fitzsimmons. He won his championship off John L. Sullivan before the members of the Olympic Club at New Orleans, and that organisation, in order to promote another big fight, pledges a purse of 25,000 dols. for a finish fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons to occur in December. The president of the club, Mr. W. A. Scholl, agrees to deposit the entire purse money when the articles are signed, with the understanding that in the event of the authorities refusing to permit the battle to occur, it shall be paid over to the pugilists. New Orleans is south of Mason and Dixon's line, and as Corbett wants his matches decided in that section of the country he can't possibly refuse to consent to the meeting.

* * *

Corbett will probably find the lanky, auburn-haired youth a tougher nut to crack than Jackson, and if he is seeking the softer one of the two, he had much better accept the National Sporting Club's offer of £3,000, and that would place Fitzsimmons just a twelvemonth further off. If Corbett can possibly raise any objection against the Olympic Club, he has the privilege of accepting a 20,000 dollar purse offered by the Auditorium Club of New Orleans.

* * *

We see no reason why Corbett should not listen to Fitzsimmons, because the latter possesses the height and reach, and his reputation is by far better than that of any other pugilist before the American public. It is not many years ago that men capable of coming within the middle weight limit proved themselves better than any of the big 'uns. Tom Sayers and Jem Mace could always fight below 11st, and they barred neither size or weight.

A clever light-weight of forty years ago was

Jerry Noon.

He stood 5ft 8in, and fought at 9st 4lb. He was born in 1827, and made his first essay in the ring at Woking, June 26, 1849, when he beat Young Greek, for £50, in 2 hours 47min. His other battles were: beat William Gray, £50, 66 rounds, 1 hour 40min, Woking, December 24, 1849; beat Hazeltine, £100, 86 rounds, 3 hours 12 min, Frimley, April, 10, 1850; draw with Jem Massey, £200, 88 rounds, 2 hours 58min, Dean, Wilts, November 19, 1850; forfeited to Bill Cain, £50 a-side, having caused himself to be apprehended, June 10, 1851; beat Hazeltime, £100, 78 rounds, 3 hours 10min, Long Reach, August 17, 1852; beat George Lane, £200, 21 rounds, 44min, Long Reach, April 5, 1853; beat Green, £100, 34 rounds, 1 hour 22min, Half Way House, January 7, 1854; fought Bill Barry, £200, 16 rounds, 1 hour 30min, Shell Haven, December 19, 1854. It being an even match both were afraid to get to work, and the the referee ordered an adjournment till December 23, when a similar scene was enacted, Noon's hands being practically useless and Barry afraid to go in; the referee ordered the battle drawn.

* * *

George le Blanche, the marine, appears to be getting whipped by everybody he meets nowadays. Eight years ago the Boston sports looked upon him as a coming middleweight champion of America, but their hopes were shattered when Le Blanche met Jack E. Dempsey, who gave him a thorough whipping. He travelled clean out to California, and nothing but a string of defeats have been his lot. His last venture was at Montreal, Canada, when Martin Costello, the Buffalo, fought him to a standstill in six rounds.

* * *

Charley Rowles, of Wood Green, is gradually gaining confidence with the sports and by next autumn he will probably be pitted against a good man of even weight for a suitable purse. He is a stiff bit of material, and if looks go for anything he should be able to take a great deal of punching. He met Frank Callan in a ten-round contest at Upper Edmonton, June 18, for a purse of £25. For the first three rounds but little rugged work was done, though Rowles displayed an advantage. From this point the fighting was entirely in favour of Rowles, who sent his man to the boards in the fifth, sixth, and seventh rounds, Callan, who was quite used up, being again down in the eighth, when he was unable to rise in the stipulated time, and Rowles was declared the winner.

* * *

The twenty rounds contest between Harry Thompson, of Leeds, and John Lewis, of Newcastle, who were to fight at 9st 8lb for £25 a side and a purse of £25, was brought to a decision at the Gymnasium in Leeds, June 18. Thompson was two inches taller than his adversary, and by carefully timing his deliveries, he readily secured a lead in the opening round. Two minutes time of the second round was lost in sparring, when Thompson, seeing an opening, shot his right across, and knocked Lewis out of time.

* * *

Joe Ford and Charley Crawford, two lads hailing from Somers Town, engaged in a glove contest at the Lambeth School of Arms, June 18, for £20 a side and an added purse. Science was discarded in the first two rounds, both indulging in a slug. In the third round Crawford was knocked down three times, and during the three following rounds he dropped several times to avoid punishment. During the eighth round Ford toppled his man over several times, and finally knocked him out of time.

* * *

A farewell benefit was tendered Dick Dearsley at the Kennington Social Club, June 18, when an interesting programme was gotten through. In an eight round battle Ted Gorrie proved himself the master of Bill Langford. A six rounds bout was contested by Tom Ireland and Tom Healy. The former displaying excellent hitting qualities readily assumed a lead over Healy, which won for him the verdict of the referee.

A series of glove contests occurred at Alf Mitchell's Red Cross Gymnasium, Bethnal Green, June 18. In a ten-round battle between Harry Munro of Hackney, and Tom Watson of Shoreditch, the former pressed the fighting, and soon tired Watson out. Though Watson made a plucky stand he was forced to quit in the ninth round. George Baigent proved himself superior to H. Ravenhill in a six-round bout, and was awarded the purse. Tom Franklin set out to dispute honours with James Hovey for six rounds, but the grief he received in the first half induced him to retire at the end of round three.

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At the Bermondsey School of Arms June 16 Bob Crutch was beaten by J. Goldswaine in the final bout of a 7st competition. The final of a 6st 6lb competition was won by Con Barrett, who beat H. Ashley.

* * *

Joe Ford and C. Crawford met to contest the best of fifteen rounds at Lambeth, June 18. Ford had much the advantage in height and weight and by going about his work in a systematic manner he gradually wore his opponent down, knocking Crawford out of time in the seventh round.

AN OLD HORSESHOE FOR LUCK.

Omens of Good and Bad Luck.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Gamblers, pugilists, and athletes all believe in signs and are superstitious, some more than others; but their are no exceptions, and in many instances they are worse than old women. Take the gentler sex and they rave over picking up an old shoe cast by a horse, and it is due to their craving for a find of the coveted piece of iron that the song was written: "Never take the horseshoe from the door." In America the people regard it as a sure sign of rain when six or more clergyman are seen in a street the same day. If you meet or pass three funerals it is a sign that ill health will strike some member of the family. If you cut the finger or toe nails of a child before he is a year old it is supposed that the infant will develop into a thief. If you are walking with anybody, and a passer-by walks between you and your companion, it means disappointment; but if you walk between two people it is a sign of a prosperous business deal. Gamblers take it as a good omen before they sit down at play to search out two negro women and walk between them. That's called "splitting a pair of coons," and you are pretty sure of coming out a winner. Let a gambler sit down at play and place your hand upon his body, or put your foot against the rung of his chair, and he will immediately quit because he feels that a hoodoo is placed upon his luck for the day. Corbett, the pugilist, is more or less superstitious, inasmuch as he would not listen to any man handling him outside of Billy Delaney, and it is said that when he enters the ring Delaney must wear the same clothing he had on when Corbett won his first big match.

English people don't carry their superstitions to such an extravagant extent, because they ridicule many of the evil omens claimed by the people abroad. Still, they would not think of moving into a residence on a Friday, nor would they listen to opening up a new business on that day. They say that Monday is for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday for pleasure, Thursday for a short stay, Friday an unlucky day, whilst Saturday for pay-day and Sunday for rest and prayer. They do try to see the new moon over the right shoulder for a prosperous month; and though they always get in and out of bed from the same side, they hardly regard any violation of the rule as a bad sign. If a man meets a cross-eyed man he turns round on the heel of his right foot twice, and thrice for a cross-eyed woman. In the States and the Colonies people cross the first and second fingers of their right hand in order to rid themselves of a hoodoo from a cross-eyed person. An athlete or fighter in training accepts the find of a horseshoe or a four-leaved clover as a lucky sign; many turf men back their first belief, and when they do listen to a tip they hesitate, and thus evolves the maxim, that "he who hesitates is lost." Stumbling in ascending a flight of stairs is good luck, but to fall down stairs means the reverse. In Oxford Street, the other day, two women scampered into the middle of the street and indulged in quite a tussle in order to obtain possession of a horse-shoe. It almost simmered into a battle, and the traffic was brought to a halt in consequence, till eventually they agreed to take the shoe to a shop and have it split, so each would receive a portion of the good luck in store for them.

Hubbie: "How would you like to have a new bonnet, my dear?"

Wife: "You lovely thing, I'm just dying for one."

Hubbie: "I'm sorry your condition is so critical, my dear, for I can't give you one now."

ON LAND AND WATER.

Joe Abrahams, the bookmaker, has abandoned his appeal against the Northampton conviction. Mr. Hawke says sporting authorities admit that whilst the conviction stands no bookmaker can legally ply his calling in any betting enclosure sanctioned by the Jockey Club.

* * *

Mr. John Reid, the Lord Dean of Guild, Glasgow, died suddenly at St. Andrews, June 23. He was golfing on the links when sudden faintness seized him, and he was compelled to lie down. Medical aid was summoned, but by the time a doctor arrived Mr. Reid had expired. He was about 60 years of age, and was connected with the Glasgow Hyde Park Locomotive Company.

* * *

On the list of winning mounts Tommy Loates retains the lead with 67 to his credit. Morny Cannon is a good second, having carried off 47, Finlay 38, Bradford 34, Allsopp 33, S. Loates 32, J. Watts 30, Chandley 26, Calder 23, Brown 19, White 15, G. Barrett 12, Rickaby 11, G. Chaloner 11, Fagan 10, Gough 9, H. Toon 9, W. Pratt 9, Colling 9, C. Loates 8, F. Pratt 7, Madden 6, F. Webb 6, F. Black 5, Wingfield 5, Huxtable 5, A. Watts 4, Armstrong 4, J. Harrison 4.

* * *

The *Britannia* and *Satanita* were the only starters in the race for big yachts at the Royal Southern Regatta at Southampton on June 23. The weather was fine, with a strong westerly wind, and the *Satanita* beat the *Britannia* by 4min 47sec, after sailing through fog, squalls, and rain. This is the *Britannia's* first defeat this season.

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On June 23, at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, Bob Laxton defeated J. Pike in a six-round contest with gloves.

* * *

Dan Dudley, of Bloomsbury, disposed of Sid Scales, of St. Luke's, in the final bout of a 6st 6lb competition at the Lambeth School of Arms, June 23.

* * *

A professional golf competition was decided June 23 at Tooting Bec. The players were Douglas Rolland v. H. Kirkaldy and J. H. Taylor v. B. Sayers. The first-named beat the last-named on each occasion, so Rolland and Taylor were left in the final. This Taylor won by 4 holes up and 3 to play. The winner was 2 holes up at the turn, and played in grand form throughout, whilst Rolland did not seem at his best. Rolland won the bye by 2 holes up. A professional foursome was played later between J. Rolland and Ben Sayers, who were opposed by J. H. Taylor and Hugh Kirkaldy. The first-named couple were victorious after an exciting game by two holes up.

* * *

A match at quoits, to contest the ownership of the senior challenge cup, between the West Ham Quoit Club and the Finsbury Park Quoit Club was played on the ground of the former at the Greyhound, Balaam Street, Plaistow. Some grand and exciting play was witnessed, the conditions being eight players a-side, distance eighteen yards, with catch-weight quoits, under Association laws and rules. The home team were only unsuccessful in two games, and ultimately won by forty-two points, the totals being—West Ham, 176; Finsbury Park, 134.

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The International Athletic Congress held at Paris was brought to a close June 23, after electing a committee for the organisation of Olympian games in 1900. The committee, on which the different countries are represented, includes among its members Mr. Sloane, professor at Princetown University; Lord Ampthill, and Messrs. Herbert and Cuff.

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In a two days' cricket match, at Cardiff, the South African team disposed of the Glamorganshire eleven. The scores were: South Africans, 238, and 32 for no wicket; Glamorganshire, 139 and 128.

* * *

Sneak blows in glove contests are not sanctioned in Australia. Dummy Mace recently essayed the task at Sydney of knocking out Mick McCarthy in ten rounds. Mace belted his man all around the ring for seven rounds, but in the eighth, after a clinch, the referee commanded "break." Mace put his hands down and McCarthy immediately crossed him heavily with the right, knocking him senseless. The referee promptly awarded the contest to the knocked-out man on a foul.

* * *

Peter Jackson, in a letter to a friend in Sydney, says: "Corbett is trying to avoid fighting me, or to prolong the date of fighting as much as possible. He stoops to anything, and says one thing one moment and another the next, and when I try to hold him he will swear he did not say so, or do so, as the case may be. He said a few months ago that he would fight me in England, and now he is taking that statement back. There is no knowing what he means. He has the better of it here because he is the American champion and is a white man arguing against a coloured one, but I am putting up my own money, and am bound to get him to fight."

Jim Burge, the cast-iron man, has reached Sydney, N.S.W. "I thoroughly enjoyed myself in my tour abroad," said the old one. "I cleared my expenses and brought home two hundred quid to the old woman."

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Joe Goddard has gone to work in the Coolgardie gold fields, West Australia. He says he will give boxing a rest for a year.

JOHN J. RYAN.

Amateur Champion of America, to Compete at Henley for the Diamond Sculls.

(With Portrait.)

We are indebted to Gordon and Co., 34, High Street, Putney, for the portrait of John J. Ryan, the amateur champion sculler of America. He will be a contestant for the Diamond Sculls at Henley next month, and, if in condition, he should win the honours.

THE SCOTCH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The Scottish Amateur Athletic Association held its annual championship competitions at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, June 23. Considering there was a heavy fall of rain most of the afternoon, and the track being a trifle heavy, the performances were, on a whole, very good. The following are the results of the principal events:—

100 Yards Race.—Downes, Scottish Pelicans, 1. Time, 10 1-5sec.

One Mile Race.—Rodfer, Garrick H., 1. Time, 5min 35sec.

120yds Hurdle Race.—Graham, 1st Lanark Volunteers, 1. Time, 17 2-5secs.

220yds Race.—A. R. Downes, 1. Time, 22 4-5sec.

Throwing the Hammer.—M'Intosh, Edinburgh H., 102ft 7in, 1.

High Jump.—Fenwick, Dundee, 5ft 8¾in, 1.

Four Miles Race.—A. Hannah, Clydesdale H., 1. Time, 20min 48 4-5sec.

Putting the Weight.—M'Intosh, Edinburgh H., 40ft 10in, 1.

Half-mile Race.—B. Mitchell, Abercorn Football Club, 1. Time, 2min 9 3-5sec.

Quarter-mile Race.—A. R. Downes, 1. Time, 51 3-5 sec.

RANELAGH HARRIERS' ATHLETIC MEETING.

The Ranelagh Harriers' Athletic Meeting at Stamford Bridge Grounds, Fulham, June 23, attracted a large crowd. Sid Thomas essayed to lower the ten miles' record, but it proved too big a contract. The wind was rather heavy, and no doubt precluded fast time being accomplished. Details of the events follows:—

120 Yards Open Handicap.—Final heat: A. Taylor, Crouch End F.C., 8½yds start, first; H. H. Spinks, Woolwich Polytechnic A.C., 4½yds second; W. G. Seers, Ranelagh Harriers, 5½yds, third; G. Ritchie, Putney A.C., 4½yds fourth. Taylor won a good race in the fast time of 11 4-5sec.

300 Yards Open Handicap:—W. L. Roberts, Thames Ditton Hockey Club, 27, yards start, first; H. H. Spinks, Woolwich Polytechnic H., 15 yards, second; P. M. Calder, Polytechnic H., 10 yards, third; G. Ritchie, Putney A.C., 12 yards, fourth. Roberts led by about half a yard; a good race for second. Time, 32 1-5sec.

Ten Miles Record Race:—Sid Thomas, Ranelagh H., 10 miles champion, first; H. Watkins, Walthamstow H., Southern Counties C.C. champion, second. Times:—1 mile, 4min 54sec; two, 10min 2 2-5 sec; three, 15min 14½sec; four, 20min 32sec; five, 26min 8½sec; six, 31min 37sec; seven, 37min. 6 3-5sec; eight, 42min 40 4-5sec; nine, 48min 31 4-5sec; ten, 53min 58 4-5sec. A close race all through. Thomas led for most of the way, and entered the last lap with Watkins at his heels; the latter came almost level with him 220 yards from home, but Thomas then went away, and won by twelve yards. A club championship race of 10 miles was run simultaneously with this, T. Allen, J. H. Childs, R. Davis, and E. W. Spendlove starting, but none of these competitors finished the course.

One Mile Open Handicap:—F. Medhurst, Ranelagh H., 140yds start, first; F. E. Bacon, Walthamstow H., scratch, second; W. A. de C. King, L.A.C., 80yds, third; G. E. Spendlove, Ranelagh H., 115yds, fourth. Won most easily by Medhurst; Bacon beat King by twenty-five yards. Time, 4min 18 2-5sec. Bacon's time, quarter-mile, 62 1-5sec; half-mile, 2min 8sec; three-quarter-mile, 3min 15 3-5set; mile, 4min 20 4-5sec.

880 Yards (Members') Handicap:—E. W. Spendlove, 58yds start, first; C. E. Casserley, 24yds, second; F. Medhurst, 45yds, third. A good race. Time, 2min.

150 Yards Boys' Handicap:—F. J. Casserley, 37yds start, first; H. C. Wright, 46yds, second; W. Gill, scratch, third. Time, 17 4-5sec.

Mile Bicycle (Members') Handicap:—A. H. Gerhold, 100yds start, first; P. S. Harris, 10yds, second; A. E. Bramley, 60yds, third. Cleverly won by eight yards; a poor third. Time, 2min 43 3-5sec.

THE VIGILANT.

The American yacht Vigilant is being overhauled at the Meadowside Yard, at Patrick, near Glasgow, and will be put in thorough racing order. The craft is attracting thousands of people, and the opinion appears to be freely expressed that she is far superior in finish to Lord Dunraven's yacht. The Scotch people are admirers of the visiting racer.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.

The Canadian Oarsman to Compete at Henley.

(With Portrait.)

The portrait of Joseph Wright, the Canadian amateur oarsman, was supplied us by Gordon and Co., of 34, High Street, Putney. Mr. Wright has rowed with success in local regattas at Toronto, and through the good form he displayed last season the Toronto Rowing Club sent him and Ryan to contend at Henley next month.

APPALLING CALAMITY IN SOUTH WALES.

A terrible explosion, resulting, it is feared, in the loss of nearly 250 lives, occurred at the Albion Colliery, Cilfynydd, a village about three miles from Pontypridd, in the Taff Valley, on Saturday afternoon, June 23. At a quarter to four the inhabitants of Cilfynydd were startled by a loud report, followed by a tremendous concussion—the well-known tokens of pit disaster. Hundreds of persons at once rushed to their doors, and as the houses are built in terraces on the slopes of the mountain side, the inhabitants could at once see what had occurred, there being a full view of the colliery. Thick volumes of smoke were rising from the shaft. The sad news having spread all over the district with lightning rapidity, thousands of persons were soon in the colliery yard. A posse of police had the greatest difficulty in keeping the pit's mouth clear, and barriers had to be erected to restrain the spectators. The pit gearing having been tested and brattice cloths prepared to direct the air currents, rescue parties descended the shaft, and the suspense of the crowd waiting for news was terrible. Colliery officials from neighbouring valleys, and also some of the directors of the Albion Colliery, arrived early and directed the operations on the surface. The first information, received at six o'clock, stated that some of the poor fellows were alive, but it was not until a quarter past seven that two of the rescued were brought to the mouth, one being John Cannon, an engine-man. They were at once carried on stretchers to the hospital. At eight o'clock two more men were brought to the surface, one of them being Thomas Howells, who was able to walk home supported by his friends. The continued suspence and excitement of the crowd rendered the work of the police in keeping order somewhat difficult, but assistance soon came, and there was no further trouble in this respect. Darkness setting in, and as the electric light had been stopped, "comet" lamps were brought into use, and in the flickering light thus given sad and mournful sights were witnessed.

The first of the dead were brought up at about nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards news came of the death of a young man named Jones, the fitter, who had only descended the pit about an hour before the explosion to repair the shaft.

Mr. Robson, Chief Inspector of Mines for the district, arrived during the evening, as also did Inspectors Sims, Grey, and Lewis, and the four descended the shaft, accompanied by several colliery managers. In a very short time the explorers discovered scores of dead men, and afterwards came across sixteen poor fellows, who, on reaching the surface, were once more able to breathe pure air. Tales of a pathetic character are related by some of the rescuers, who state that they were unable to answer calls for help in consequence of falls and afterdamp. From these causes further penetration in certain directions was impossible, and they had to retire to places of safety. Some of the sights described are of a terrible character. Bodies were seen from which the heads had been severed and limbs blown off. The explosion, therefore, must have been of a terrific character; but whether it was caused by gas intermixed with coaldust, or of coaldust only, it is impossible at present to say, experienced managers failing to agree on the point. It is impossible to describe the touching scenes witnessed at the temporary hospital in the fitter's shop into which the injured were taken, and also at the temporary mortuary in the extensive stables. The scene at the mortuary was a very painful one, some of the bodies being burnt and mutilated almost beyond recognition.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

The entry list for Henley this year is not so large as it was last, though the interest is equally as great. The Americans who are to compete in the Diamond Sculls are first-class oarsman, and judging from past form, Ryan should come off a winner. From now up to the time of the regatta Henley will present a lively appearance, because about all those who are to contend are practising there daily. The entry list follows:

Grand Challenge Cup.—Four entries: Leander, London, Thames, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Ladies' Plate.—Four entries: Eton College, First Trinity, Cambridge, Radley College, and Trinity College, Oxford.

Thames Cup.—Six entries: First Trinity, Kingston, London, Molesey, Thames, and Trinity College, Oxford.

Stewards' Cup.—Five entries: Leander, London, Molesey, New College, Oxford, and Thames.

Visitors' Cup.—Four entries: Balliol College, New College, University College, Oxford, and Worcester College, Oxford.

Wyfold Cup.—Six entries: Balliol, Kingston, London, Thames, University College, and Worcester College.

The Silver Goblets.—Three entries: J Crisp and G. Smith, Kingston R.C., Guy Nickalls and V. Nickalls, and J. J. Ryan and Joseph Wright, Toronto R.C.

The Diamond Sculls.—Nine entries: Francis and Jacques Boudin, Paris; the Hon. R. Guinness, Leander Club; G. MacHenry, Thames Club; Guy Nickalls, V. Nickalls, Magdalen College, Oxford; J. J. Ryan, Toronto; H. S. Verity, of the Old Radleians; and Joseph Wright, Toronto.

This makes a total of 41 entries, as against 55 last year, which were made up as follows:—The Grand Challenge, 8; Ladies Plate, 7; Thames Cup, 6; Stewards' Cup, 7; Visitors', 6; Wyfold, 7; Goblets, 4; and Diamond Sculls, 10.

PRESIDENT CARNOT ASSASSINATED.

A daring and successful attempt was made at Lyons to assassinate President Carnot on June 24. At 1.15 a.m. on June 25 the President breathed his last. The President was on a visit to the International Exhibition, and on Sunday after the banquet he was proceeding through the streets to the Prefecture, when as he was passing before the Bourse a young man, who had the appearance of a jockey, and was wearing a grey cap, rushed up to the landau in which the President was riding, with a large package wrapped in paper in his hands. He was allowed to mount the steps of the carriage, those guarding the line being under the impression that he desired to present a petition to the President.

As soon as he got on to the steps, however, he raised the packet above his head and struck President Carnot with it in the side. It is now evident that the packet contained a poniard and that the assassin had taken this ingenious means of concealing it. Immediately he was struck the President fell forward, and the people standing around were horrified.

They rushed at the assassin, who tried to escape, and who would have been torn to pieces had he not been instantly surrounded by the military guard. The assassin is a young man, twenty-two years of age with a very slight moustache. He was dressed in a light brown suit and a peaked cap of the same colour. While being taken to the police-station he held his head down, but gave continual glances to the right and to the left as if looking for some possible means of escape.

On being interrogated at the station, the prisoner stated that he was an Italian, and gave his name as Cesaro Giovanni Santo.

Wife (vexed): "What a fool I am to expect you to agree with me!"

Husband: "There—now I'll agree with you, that's just what you are!"

* * *

Mrs. Riley: "How is your husband this morning?"

Mrs. Doyle: "Sure an' he's awful sick—the doctor says he's got brown gaiters in his chist, an' I don't know what he manes a'tall a'tall."

THE TOWER BRIDGE.

The Most Conspicuous Structure of Modern Times.

THE BRIDEGROOM BECAME JEALOUS.

How the Best Man was the Means of Causing a Fight.

HOW CAMERA FIENDS WERE BAULKED.

A Couple who Defied the Amateur Photographer when Love-making.

WANTED A SQUARE DEAL.

A Miner's Method of Forcing a Gambler to Honest Play.

MEMOIRS OF JACK BROUGHTON.

Many Years Champion of England.

Most first-rate pugilists have, independent of their knowledge of the science, a peculiar mode of their own in fighting, and which can't be exactly communicated to their pupils from the want of studious application, which every science so essentially requires before any professor can be rated as a finished master. Broughton, from the study and attention he paid to it theoretically, added to the great practice he had not only in sparring (with whom the first use of gloves originated), but in his numerous public contests; that he became so thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the art, as to be peculiarly happy in communicating it to his scholars; a memorable instance of which will hereafter be shown, from one of his pupils, who, weighing only 9st, fought a man of 17st and beat him.

Unfortunately, most heroes of the fist are too apt to forget the numerous knock-down blows which they have received in climbing up to the height of champion; and that one fatal blow can hurl them into obscurity. Let them also bear in mind that as a champion they appear as a public mark, to be hit at.

Few pugilists have died in possession of the championship; and however desperate and chequered the road may be to procure that title, the difficulty rests in retaining it. The smiles of victory have often blinded and ruined many, by plunging them into excess and gaiety, instead of being alive to their future fame. Sobriety will prove their best friend, and they should never turn their back upon so invaluable a monitor; and that in gaining fresh acquaintance, which their success will naturally occasion, they will find no better one than in investigating the science again and again, whereby they may discover some new stop or hit that was unknown to them before; but, above all, let them endeavour to become acquainted with themselves, study their defects, and improve them; if passionate in their nature, learn to suppress that quality so dangerous to pugilists. Here Broughton proved himself such a master, and so superior to all his competitors, as his mind was continually at work to improve his knowledge in giving blows with more ease and effect to himself, and in warding off those powerful attacks aimed at his destruction from his adversary; while, on the contrary, his competitors were too generally spending their time in drinking and other pastimes, instead of improving themselves and becoming adepts in the art—leaving every other consideration to strength and chance.

Broughton, like all great masters, generally exhibited something new in every performance; and those pugilists who had witnessed his contests, and afterwards entered the lists with him, expecting to find that he would fight upon the old suit, were most terribly deceived; as, contrary to most other boxers, he did not depend upon any particular blow, although he was distinguished for giving some remarkable hits, which were scarcely ever forgotten. Broughton, when necessary in the conflict, by putting in his stomach blow has often decided the battle, and his lunge under the ear generally produced terrible consequences to his opponent. The eye of Broughton was most lively and acute, soon perceiving the weakness of any adversary; and his arm, keeping pace with that valuable assistant, protected him from the most destructive blows; and his quick penetration made him always aware of any direct intent pursued by his adversary, as immediately to render it futile and unavailing. His guard was considered so complete that his frame appeared as well secured as if in a fence; uncommon, and strength often fell before him, and his expertness in the cross-buttock was great. His various attitudes in the fight were fine and impressive, and his countenance always animated and cheerful.

Pipes and Gresting were both distinguished pugilists, the former of whom nobly maintained the rank of champion for a number of years; but they appeared nothing in the hands of Broughton, who gave them several chances to recover their lost laurels, which proved severe beatings to them, and only tended to increase his growing fame.

George Taylor was an easy conquest to Broughton.

George Stevenson stood up for the length of forty minutes in a most heroic style to Broughton. It was a hasty match, and although Broughton was extremely unwell, sooner than make any excuse, he agreed to fight Stevenson without having that regard for his preparation as he afterwards found he ought to have had. But here his true bottom was proved, and his conduct shone and was admired. The battle was fought in one of the fair booths, at Tottenham Court Road, railed at the end towards the pit. After a most desperate conflict of thirty-five minutes, being both against the rails, and Stevenson endeavouring to get the whip-hand of Broughton, the latter, by his superior genius, got such a lock upon Stevenson that he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all his power of rising or falling, till, resting his head for about three or four minutes upon Stevenson's back, he found himself recovering, then loosed his hold. By this manœuvre Broughton became as a new man, and, on setting-to again, he gave Stevenson a most tremendous blow—as hard as any he had given him in the whole battle—that he could no longer stand, and his brave heart, though with reluctance, was forced to yield. Stevenson was a beautiful hitter; he put in his blows faster than Broughton, but one of the latter's told for three of the former's. He possessed a most daring spirit, but his strength could not keep pace with it. Broughton expressed a very high opinion of Stevenson as a pugilist.

Jack James, a dashing boxer who ranked high in the annals of pugilism, was compelled to acknowledge that he had found out his master in Broughton. James's wrist, which in other contests had been considered so remarkably handsome, lost all its attraction when in contact with the beautiful athletic arm of Broughton.

It would be occupying too much space to enumerate all the battles of Broughton during his career of eighteen years that he held the title, Champion of England; but we shall proceed to the contest wherein his proud title was torn from the veteran's head, his fame eclipsed, and his future prospects ruined.

At the Hounslow races Jack Slack had behaved in an improper manner towards Broughton, when the latter, having a whip in his hand, threatened to horsewhip him for his conduct. Slack's pride felt hurt at this indignant mode of treatment to a man of his blood, and instantly put forth a challenge, which Broughton accepted.

Broughton viewed Slack in rather too trifling a light, and felt persuaded that the contest would prove so easy to him, although he had not fought for a long time, that there was no necessity for training. This fatal confidence proved his downfall; the error was discovered too late, and he was left to regret not following the old maxim that a skilful general should be armed at all points.

On the evening previous to the battle (Tuesday, April 10, 1750) taking place, Broughton, who had invited his patrons and numerous friends to witness the combat, was rather apprehensive that Slack would not fight, and for fear any disappointment should take place, made the latter a present of ten guineas not to break his engagement.

The time for fighting at length arrived, when Broughton's superiority over Slack was so evident for the first two minutes that the odds were 10 to 1 in his favour. Slack, recovering himself a little from the violent effects of his antagonist's blows, made a sudden and unexpected jump, and put in a desperate hit between Broughton's eyes, which immediately closed them up. Broughton now appeared like one stupid, and it was two or three minutes before the spectators discovered this circumstance, their attention being attracted by the strange and unusual manner in which Broughton appeared to feel for, instead of boldly attacking his man. At length his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, earnestly exclaimed, "What are you about, Broughton? You can't fight! you're beat!" To which question Broughton instantly replied, "I can't see my man, your Highness—I am blind, but not beat. Only let me be placed before my antagonist, and he shall not gain the day yet." Broughton's situation was truly distressing. The audience was disgusted; and Slack, following up his singular advantage, obtained a victory in fourteen minutes. The faces in the amphitheatre, upon this occasion, are better imagined than described; 10 to 1 had been laid pretty thick, and the favourite lost. The Duke of Cumberland lost several thousand pounds, and the knowing ones were completely done up. The door money produced near £150, besides a great number of tickets at a guinea and a half each; and as the conqueror was to have the proceeds of the house it was supposed that Slack got near £600.

Thus, in the short space of fourteen minutes, was the father of boxing deprived of his laurels! Hear it, ye champions! Weep for the veteran's downfall, and profit by his loss; be not confident; and remember that it was occasioned by one fatal error—neglect of training!

Notwithstanding this unfortunate defeat, according to the opinions of the best-informed of that period, Slack was in every respect inferior to Broughton, and that it was more owing to accident than design that Slack gained the victory. It was well known among the sporting men that Slack was not the slightest object of envy to Broughton, as the former had been beaten by Taylor, who proved an easy conquest to Broughton. However, it proved his complete overthrow. The Duke of Cumberland, his supporter upon all occasions, never could speak of the battle with any degree of temper, declaring that he had been sold, and nothing could persuade him to the contrary. Being firmly convinced that Broughton was superior to Slack, His Royal Highness instantly turned his back upon him, and by his influence Broughton's ampitheatre was closed up. Broughton never fought again. Previous to this battle he had grown into flesh, and he became soft and unfit to stand the force of a blow without swelling up. He retired into private life quite disconcerted and unhappy, and became totally dejected. Such a hero deserved a better fate, and the veteran might exclaim in the words of the poet:—

"So farewell to the little good you bear me;
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do!"

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That John Marx, the weight-lifter, is doing a music-hall turn, and his brother, Al Marx, who fought John L. Sullivan, is in Paris.

— That for 2s. 8d. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be mailed for thirteen weeks to any address in the kingdom.

— That club fights in the States are a "dead letter," but fighters are tolerated in public contests in the city of Boston.

— That Mike Donovan writes from New York City that when he visits the Emerald Isle he will think twice before he kisses the Blarney Stone.

— That George Gould, who owns the racing yacht *Vigilant*, is one of the richest men in the States.

— That everybody requires brain food, and the best brain food procurable is a copy of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

— That the field competitions between Yale and Oxford athletes will create a decided sensation this season in the athletic world.

— That the Oxford team will just about beat Yale when they meet at the Queen's Club grounds.

— That John J. Ryan will win the Diamond Sculls at Henley.

— That there is not a team of oxen in Europe strong enough to drag Corbett and Jackson together in a ring before snow flies.

— That sprinters should encourage the efforts of the Midland Pedestrian Company in hopes of reviving short distance running.

— That this will be a memorable year for international competitions.

— That Rosenthal, the publisher, of Park Ridings, Hornsey, has just secured several new works which are decidedly attractive.

— That Peter Jackson, the coloured pugilist, has become proficient as a bicycle rider.

— That now that Fitzsimmons has made such a complete mug of Choynski in five rounds, he will hound Corbett until Gentleman Jack consents to a fight.

— That Tommy Ryan and Billy Smith, two clever 10st 2lb pugilists, will do battle at the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, Aug. 26, instead of July 4.

— That Stanton Abbott has been challenged to a glove fight in the States by Billy Myer.

— That the Australian Cricket Council has arranged for five first-class matches between the Colonies and Mr. Stoddart's English Eleven. Two of these will be played at Sydney, two at Melbourne, and one at Adelaide.

— That James J. Corbett showed to fair business at Sheffield last week.

— That the American racing yacht *Vigilant* is attracting a great deal of attention at Glasgow, and many favourable comments have been made about her.

— That Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch athlete, was beaten by Ernest Roeber in a mixed wrestling match in New York City, June 11.

— That Mrs. Gaudaur, wife of the champion American sculler, died recently, and after the funeral Jake Gaudaur declared that he would engage in no more rowing contests. His friends say that he is completely prostrated over his wife's sudden death.

— That Jim Barton, the Australian 10st pugilist, is in Chicago seeking a fight with men of even weight.

— That Jim Hall, the Australian pugilist, will engage in the wholesale liquor business in Cincinnati, and make the States his future home.

— That Billy Murphy, ex-champion feather-weight pugilist, now in the States, will shortly visit England and South Africa, and then return to his home in New Zealand to settle down.

— That at Waltham, June 18, the American expert bicyclists done great performances, J. B. Johnson riding a mile in 2min 2 3-5sec, which is four seconds less than Zimmerman's record, and Arthur Porter, with a flying start, rode a mile in 2min 6sec.

— That Erastus Wiman, the American financier, was sentenced, at New York, to five years and six months' imprisonment, for fraudulently endorsing a cheque for 5,000dols.

— That cricketers will learn with regret of the death of W. Mycroft, the once famous left-hand Derbyshire bowler. The cause of death was consumption, brought on by a severe attack of influenza about three years ago. The deceased was a native of Brimington, near Chesterfield, and came into prominence in 1873, when, playing for Derbyshire against Lancashire, he took six wickets for thirty-five runs. He was then thirty-two years of age, and for seven or eight years afterwards he played pretty regularly. In 1876 he was elected a member of the ground staff at Lord's, but he practically retired from first-class cricket ten years ago, and has since been engaged at various times by Lord Sheffield to coach the young players of Sussex. He was a man of exceptionally powerful build until his constitution was shattered by the influenza. Unfortunately, he leaves a widow and large family to mourn his loss.

— That Joseph Brooks, a member of the Manchester City Council, and a director of the Manchester Racecourse Company, died at Blackpool, June 17, in his 66th year.

— That between 1867 and 1886 over two hundred thousand divorces were granted in the United States.

— That the British Museum possesses an iron axe-head of 1370 B.C., the oldest authenticated iron implement known.

— That Ascot has always been a society gathering. Racing first took place on the Royal Heath in 1711. Queen Anne—dead now, by the way—was a great supporter of the meeting, as was King George IV. This monarch, when known as the Prince of Wales, got into trouble over the running of his horse Escape.

— That Morny Cannon is of the opinion that the best horse won the Grand Prize of Paris.

— That Lady Mabel Sievier gave £1,500 for Humphrey Clinker. The colt is a son of Discord—Miss Gushington, and in his trial last week beat Boaz and Odour. He is a good-looking youngster, and should not be forgotten about Goodwood time.

— That so little did Mr. Worton fancy his representative, Victor Wild, who had been pulled up in his work last month with an injury to one of his hocks, that he contented himself with the acceptance of 1,000 to 15, and could not, under the circumstances, advise his numerous friends to follow suit.

— That Tom Brown, the Yankee whistler, now appearing at the Palace Theatre, will return to the States the latter part of July.

— That Morris Cronin is creating quite a sensation with his club swinging act at the Alhambra.

— That the Yale financial union voted to allow £300 to the crack athletic team for the expenses of their trip to England.

— That at Paris, June 21, A. W. Harris, the English cyclist, won the 2,000 metres race from scratch, and the 10,000 metres race in excellent form.

— That the Cork and Munster Yacht Clubs have offered a first prize of £100 and a second prize of £25 on each day of their coming regattas at Queenstown, with a view of tempting the *Vigilant*, *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, *Satanita*, and *Meteor*, to compete.

MARIE: "Yes, Charlie is very strong; in fact, an athlete."

Sadie: "Then you may rest assured that you will acquire strength after marriage under his tuition."

Marie: "How?"

Sadie: "Oh, bringing up coal, and all that."

* * *

MABEL (aged fourteen): "Mr. Doolittle proposed to me last night."

Florence (same age): "What did you do?"

Mabel: "Oh, I merely laughed at him. The idea of a twenty-four year old boy talking about love!"

* * *

CHARLEY SORRELTOP: "Baw Jove, I b'lieve you married me for my money!"

Mrs. Sorreltop: "My dear, look in the glass and ask yourself if I could ever have married you for anything else."

* * *

PRUYN: "In these family spats it takes two to make a quarrel, I suppose."

Breezly: "Yes; but it isn't at all necessary for one of 'em to say anything."

COMMON GOSSIP.

George Richards and John Palmer, who are said to be confidence men, were again remanded at Bow Street, June 21. They are charged with stealing £300 worth of jewellery and bank-notes from an American at the Holborn Restaurant, and assaulting Inspector Marshall when he arrested them.

* * *

Eugene Torbett is said to be an American, and he declined to give any account of himself. He was committed for trial at the Guildhall for forging an order for a cheque-book on the Bank of Scotland. The signature was that of Messrs. Gilfillan and Adamson, East India merchants, and it was a good imitation.

* * *

The total receipts at Longchamps, on the occasion of the Grand Prix, amounted to close upon £15,500, the gate-money not exceeding a third of this total. Vulgar pedestrians contributed over £4,000, while the entrance fees for carriages fell below £50, and only four francs were taken from mounted sportsmen.

* * *

G. P. Mills finished his ride at Groats June 21, arriving at his destination at 11.49 a.m., the journey having occupied 3 days 5 hours 49min. as against Carlisle's previous best of 3 days 14 hours 15min. Although Mills beat the record by so big a margin he was behind time at Perth, where the roads were in a terribly wet condition.

* * *

At the Chester Assizes, June 21, the trial was resumed of Margaret Deakin, charged with the murder of Elizabeth Nesld, a lodger, who was found dead, locked in a room at the prisoner's house, with her throat cut, on Jan. 26. The jury, after twenty minutes' consultation, returned into court with a verdict of guilty, but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy. Sentence of death was then passed.

* * *

John Wm. Freeman, of the Turk's Head, East Street, Bloomsbury, was found guilty at Clerkenwell Sessions for permitting his house to be used for betting. On account of previous good character he was recommended to leniency. Sir Peter Edlin inflicted a penalty of £60. Charles Kettell, bookmaker, who used the house, was fined £100 and ordered to be kept in custody till the money was paid.

* * *

Bridgend has been the scene of an extraordinary outrage, an attempt having been made to blow up one of the principal hotels in that town with dynamite. A terrific explosion was caused, the front portion of the house being greatly damaged. The landlord and his family were in bed at the time, but fortunately no lives were lost. The outrage is supposed to have been committed out of revenge over some trifling disagreement about the purchase of bread and cheese.

* * *

The Southampton police were called into the parcel-room of a leading hotel, June 20. There a mysterious parcel, wrapped in canvas, which no one would own, was pointed out. It was found to contain some beautiful and costly jewellery, which some time ago had been stolen from a private residence in the town; but from that day to this the property, though hunted for all over the country, could not be traced, though, as a matter of fact, it was all the time only two doors from the police-station.

* * *

A youth of 19, named Samuel E. Smith, was charged at Ashton, June 20, with desertion from the Connaught Rangers. Smith was arrested on the previous day at his home, and while the police officer was searching the house in the hope of finding his uniform, he took up a chopper and deliberately cut off the end of the first finger on his left hand, stating at the same time, "This will get me my ticket." The prisoner, who said he had a widowed mother and her family dependent on him, was remanded to await an escort.

* * *

It is stated on the authority of the *Soir* that M. Michael Ephrussi, the well-known member of the Turf, who was recently called before the French Jockey Club through the irregular running of Gospodar—the winner of the French Derby—has definitely decided to abandon racing, and restrict his attention to breeding. The greater portion of his racing stud has been purchased by Baron D'Aymery, and his horses will shortly be removed to Chamant and placed in the charge of the Baron's trainer, Charles Bartholomew.

GEORGE CORFIELD.

Champion 7st 12lb Pugilist of England.

(With Portrait.)

We present this week an excellent likeness of George Corfield, the little fistic wonder of Sheffield. He is backed by George Willson, of Leicester, and is open to meet any man in the world at even weight, for any amount of money, in a battle of twenty rounds or to a finish.

HONEST SPORTS.

The Tonsorial Artists met at the office of The Mirror of Life, June 21, to arrange upon a date when they shall contend at rapid and clean shaving for The Mirror of Life Championship Trophy. James Rymer, Thomas Steele, and Peter Moss comprise the trio most desirous of having the competition brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and they consented to third week in July as the most appropriate time. They are each in constant practice, and as a considerable amount of feeling prevails in the matter, the match is sure to be productive of a great deal of interest, and quite a little betting on the outcome will be the result.

Rymer is of opinion that he will certainly carry off the honours, and declares that he is nearer to contending in a match now than he has been since he performed his remarkable feat of shaving 100 men in forty-eight minutes and forty seconds. Steele regards Rymer as his most dangerous rival, and will watch the Mile-End marvel with keen interest.

* * *

Moss is the only foreign gentleman to contend, and he wants to defeat Rymer more to stop the East Ender's talk than anything else. He says: "I only regard Rymer and Steele as face-scrapers, and they know not how to shave a man properly. I learned my trade in a country where they know what tonsorial business means; and when the match comes off I'll convince the East End pair that I can shave clean and much quicker than they can scrape a face. I shall select a prominent artist as my judge, and he will, without doubt, convince any of the other officials who is champion at rapid shaving. I hardly count Rymer or Steele in as barbers; but so long as they fancy themselves I'll endeavour to teach both a lesson, which may do them some future good. When I get through with them in the coming competition they will both fight shy of me in a single-handed match. If rapid and clean shaving can win, then I have no doubt of the ultimate result."

* * *

Teddy Wick sent word that he was unable to attend the meeting, but would certainly contend, and agree to any arrangement made which was fair to all competitors. With Wick in the match it will effectually determine beyond any question who is the champion of the world.

* * *

The Yale University team to compete against Oxford in the International-University Sports at Queen's Club Grounds next month will reach Southampton on the American Line Steamer *New York*. The men who will actually participate in this international tournament number only seven, but they are accompanied by other members of the champion 'Varsity of the year, and altogether the party may be trusted to take care of itself in the matter of making the most of the opportunity. The task of striving for the honour of their Alma Mater is to devolve upon Messrs. Sanford, Pond, and Woodhull as runners; Messrs. Cady and Sheldon as hurdle-racers; and Messrs. Hickok (captain of the team) and Brown as hammer-throwers and shot-putters. The records of this septet have been held up to public admiration, and no doubt the men are very capable lot with great dash and considerable style and finish. But the fact must not be lost sight of that there is very material difference in the American and English methods of "clocking" and time-taking generally in addition to the methods of starting for sprint record making, while the system of measuring which obtains here in shot-putting and hammer-throwing is calculated to give a wholly fictitious record. However, these are a few of the claims put forward on behalf of the Yale champions: That the records of Hickok are far better than the best performances in the last English inter-University sports; that Cady's time for the hurdles is 2-5th of a second faster than the inter-'Varsity winners; that Sanford's 100 yards time is level with that recorded at the Oxford and Cambridge sports, viz., 10 2-5th sec, and that the same man is yards in front of any Oxonion in a quarter of a mile; and, finally, that in the event of a broad jump being included, Sheldon will be able to account for the best of the Dark Blues.

* * *

Tom Richardson, the famous young Surrey bowler who performed the rare feat of taking all the ten Essex wickets, is a tall, handsome, well-built fellow of twenty-three. Having learnt his cricket at Mitcham, he came up to the Oval as a colt about two years ago, and there his bowling attracted so much favourable attention that he, at the latter end of 1892, was given a trial in first-class matches. At a bound he placed himself among the best bowlers of England, and has proved a tower of strength to the ex-champions. He has an extremely fast delivery, keeps a good length, and at times bowls an irresistible break from the off. In addition to being a fine field he has also done one or two good performances with the bat, although his services in the latter department are not very consistent.

Charles Thompson, jun., and George Gibson sculled over the Thames championship course, June 18, for a stake of £30. Gibson secured a lead at the start, and had things pretty much his own way throughout. He paddled home four lengths in advance of Thompson in 22min 58sec. George Gibson, the winner, is twenty-five years of age, weighs 10st 4lb, and stands 5ft 6in. He has not done anything in the way of sculling, but formed one of the "Four Brothers'" crew which rowed second in the first year of the National Regatta.

HARRY SPURDEN.

9st Champion of England.

(With Portrait.)

Harry Spurden, 9st champion of England, matched to fight Darkey Barton at catch-weight, on June 20, for £200, was born at Cambridge, February 6, 1869, and is therefore twenty-five years of age. He stands 5ft 4in in stocking feet, and scales, when in condition, 9st.

He took to boxing seven years ago as an amateur, at the Lambeth School of Arms, where he ran up to Jack Callard in the final of an 8st 6lb competition, after an extra round had been fought. He next won an 8st 6lb competition at the Thatched House, Holborn. At the Swan and Sugar Loaf, Fetter Lane, he won a 9st and an 8st 6lb competition, and at the Flying Dutchman, Camberwell, he scored a win in an 8st 6lb competition. Two weeks later he defeated George Franklin in six rounds at the same place.

At Billy Natty's he won an 8st 6lb competition. He was beaten by Brown, of Birmingham, in a competition at the Royal Aquarium. After defeating W. Davis, of Battersea, in four rounds, he turned professional.

His first professional battles were against Darkey Barton, whom he defeated twice in six-round contests. He subsequently disposed of Fred Suckling twice in six-round battles at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, and served Andrew Jacobs in the same way in twelve rounds at Battersea.

Spurden was defeated by Fred Johnson after a hard contest in a 9st competition at the Royal Aquarium, but won a similar competition for £25 at Sadler's Wells Theatre. He again beat Darkey Barton in six rounds at Newmarket, and then took on Bill Corbett at Kennington Social Club rooms for £50 and won after four rounds. In a second meeting he beat Corbett in twenty-five rounds for £50 at the Lambeth School of Arms. At Westgate-on-Sea he beat Harry Brown in twelve rounds. In the 9st competition at the Kennington Social Club for the championship he disposed of Tom Jefford, but had his colours lowered by Stanton Abbott. Beat Ginger Elmer in four rounds at the Bolingbroke Club, and Tom Jefford in six rounds at the National Sporting Club for £100. After scoring a victory over Peter Connor in six rounds at Springall's Rooms in London, he met W. Reader in a finish fight at the National Sporting Club for £110. It was for the championship at 9st, and the match was decided on December 19, 1892. Spurden won after a well-contested match, which lasted twenty rounds. His last battle was against Arthur Callan for £100, at the Raglan Music Hall, December 5, 1893. Spurden gave away 3lb in weight, but that did not prove an obstacle to his scoring a victory after battling eleven rounds.

ONLY SIX DAYS A WEEK.

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